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MEMOIRS

OF

HENRY OBOOKIAH,

A NATIVE OF OWHYHEE,

AND A MEMBER OF

THE FOREIGN MISSION SCHOOL;

WHO DIED AT CORNWALL, CONN. FEB. 17, 1818.
AGED 26 YEARS.

REVISED BY THE COMMITTEE OF PUBLICATION.

AMERICAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.
PHILADELPHIA:
No. 146 CHESNUT STREET.

1830.

District of Connecticut, ss.

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the fifth day of September in the forty-third year of the Independence of the United States of America, LYMAN BEECHER and JOSEPH HARVEY, of the said District, have deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof they claim as proprietors, in the words following, to wit:

"Memoirs of Henry Obookiah, a native of Owhyhee, and a Member of the Foreign Mission School; who died at Cornwall, Conn. Feb. 17, 1818, aged 26 years."

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, "An Act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned."

R. I. INGERSOLL,
Clerk of the District of Connecticut.

A true copy of Record, examined and sealed by me,

R. I. INGERSOLL,
Clerk of the District of Connecticut.

MEMOIRS

OF

HENRY OBOOKIAH.

HENRY OBOOKIAH was a native of Owhyhee, the most important of the Sandwich Islands. He was born about the year 1792. His parents ranked with the common people; but his mother was distantly related to the family of the king. Her name was Kummoolah. The name of his father is unknown. When Obookiah was at the age of ten or twelve, both his parents were slain before his eyes, "in a war," to use his own language, "made after the old king died, to see who should be the greatest among them." The only surviving member of the family, besides himself, was an infant brother two or three months old. This little brother he hoped to save from the fate of his parents, and took him upon his back to flee from the

enemy; but was overtaken, and the child cruelly destroyed. The circumstances of this interesting scene are so accurately stated in a "Narrative" already before the public, that that account will be here transcribed. The facts were taken from the relation of Obookiah.

"Two parties were contending for the dominion of the island. The warriors met, and a dreadful slaughter ensued. The party to which the father of Obookiah belonged was overpowered. The conquerors having driven their antagonists from the field, next turned their rage upon the villages and families of the vanquished. The alarm was given of their approach. The father, taking his wife and two children, fled to the mountains There he concealed himself for several days with his family in a cave. But, at length, being driven by thirst to leave their retreat, they went in quest of water to a neighbouring spring. Here they were surprised by a party of the enemy while in the act of quenching their thirst. The father, obeying the first impulse of nature, fled, but the cries of his wife and children soon brought him back again for their protection. But seeing the enemy near, again he fled. The enemy seeing the affection of the father for his family, having seized his wife and children, put them to the torture, in order to decoy him from his retreat. The artifice

succeeded. Unable to bear the piercing cries of his family, again he appeared, and fell into their hands, and with his wife was cut in pieces. While this was going on, Obookiah, being then a lad of about twelve years, took his infant brother upon his back, and attempted to make his escape. But he was pursued, and his little brother pierced through with a pahooa, or spear, while on his back. He himself was saved alive, because he was not young enough to give them trouble, nor old enough to excite their fears."

Obookiah, being now a prisoner in the hands of the enemy, was taken home to the house of the very man who murdered his parents. With him he remained, until he was found by an uncle, who having obtained the consent of his keeper, took him into his own family and treated him as his child. This uncle was a priest; and had the rank of high priest of the island. It was his design to educate Obookiah for the same service. In pursuance of this purpose, he taught him long prayers, and trained him to the task of repeating them daily in the temple of the idol. This ceremony he sometimes commenced before sunrise in the morning, and at other times was employed in it during the whole or the greater part of the night. Parts of these prayers he often re-

peated to gratify the curiosity of his friends, after he came to this country.*

He continued with his uncle, and in this employment, until he took his departure from his native country, to go in quest of another, where he hoped to find the happiness which the death of his parents had taken from him, and which nothing, now to be found in his own country, could at all supply.

His own feelings on this subject, with some account of his situation while he remained upon the island, of his departure for America, and his reception in this country, are found in a history of his past life, written by himself several years before his death. As this, to all the readers of these memoirs will doubtless be interesting, considered especially as the production of a heathen youth, the greater part of it will be inserted; with but few slight alterations. His own ideas, and in general, his own language will be preserved.

The history commences at the time of his parents' death.

"The same man," says he, "which killed my father and mother took me home to his own house. His wife was an amiable woman, and very kind, and her husband

* The prayers regarded the weather, the general prosperity of the island, its defence from enemies, and especially the life and happiness of the king.

also: yet on account of killing my parents I did not feel contented. After I lived with this man about a year or two, I found one of my uncles, who was a priest among them; but he knew not who I was, (for I was quite small when he saw me at home with my parents.) He inquired the name of my parents—I told him. As soon as he heard the name of my parents, tears burst out and he weeped bitterly. He wished me not to go back and live with that man which killed my father and mother, but to live with him as long as I live. I told him I must go back and see that man, whether he was willing to give me a release. This was done. I went home, and told the man all what my uncle had told me. But the saying seemed to him very unpleasing. As soon as he had heard all what I said to him, he was very tormented with anger, as if he would look me in pieces that moment. He would not let me go, not till he die, or else he take my life away. Not long after this, I went and told my uncle what the man had told me, and he would no more let me go back to the man's house, until the man come after me, then he would converse with him on this subject. After I had lived with my uncle two or three days, the man came to his house, to take me home. But my uncle told him that I was as his own child—that he would not let me go back and live with him; else if he

take me, he should take both of us. Yet the man did say but little because my uncle was a priest. But he told my uncle that if I should live with him, he must take kind care of me as what he has done. He told him he would by all means. When all this was done I lived with my uncle a number of years."

It was probably during this period, and before peace was entirely restored to the island, that an event occurred in which the hand of Providence was strikingly visible in rescuing Obookiah, from a second exposure to a violent and untimely death.

He, with an aunt, the only surviving sister of his father, had fallen into the possession of the enemy. On a certain day it came to his knowledge that his aunt, and, perhaps himself, was to be put to death.—The first opportunity he could find, he attempted to make his escape. And by creeping through a hole into a cellar, and going out on the opposite side, he got away, unobserved, and wandered off at a considerable distance from the house in which he had been kept. But it was not long before his aunt was brought out, by a number of the enemy, and taken to a precipice, from which she was thrown and destroyed. He saw this —and now feeling himself more than ever alone, as soon as the enemy had retired, he ran toward the fatal spot, resolved to throw

himself over and die with this friend; whom, perhaps, he now considered as the last individual of his kindred. But he was discovered by one of the chiefs, or head men of the party, who ordered two men to pursue him and bring him back.—He was overtaken just before he reached the precipice, and carried back to the quarters of the enemy. By a kind interposition of Providence he was saved for purposes which will appear in the subsequent history.

"At the death of my parents," he says, "I was with them; I saw them killed with a bayonet—and with them my little brother, not more than two or three months old—so that I was left alone without father and mother in this wilderness world. Poor boy, thought I within myself, after they were gone, are there any father or mother of mine at home, that I may go and find them at home? No; poor boy am I. And while I was at play with other children—after we had made an end of playing, they return to their parents—but I was returned into tears; —for I have no home, neither father nor mother. I was now brought away from my home to a stranger place, and I thought of nothing more but want of father or mother, and to cry day and night.

"While I was with my uncle, for some time I began to think about leaving that country, to go to some other part of the

globe. I did not care where I shall go to. I thought to myself that if I should get away, and go to some other country, probably I may find some comfort, more than to live there, without father and mother.—I thought it will be better for me to go than to stay. About this time there was a ship come from New York;—Captain Brintnall the master of the ship. As soon as it got into the harbour, in the very place where I lived, I thought of no more but to take the best chance I had, and if the captain have no objection, to take me as one of his own servants and to obey his word. As soon as the ship anchored I went on board. The captain soon inquired whose boy I was. Yet I knew not what he says to me, for I could not speak the English language.—But there was a young man who could speak the English language, and he told the captain that I was the Minister's nephew—(the minister of that place.) The captain wished me to stay on board the ship that night, and the next day go home. This very much satisfied me, and I consented to stay. At evening the captain invited me to eat supper with him. And there sat another boy with us who was to be my fellow-traveller; by name Thomas Hopoo—Thomas, a name given him by the supercargo of the ship. After supper the captain made some inquiry to see if we were willing to come to

America; and soon I made a motion with my head that I was willing to go. This man was very agreeable, and his kindness was much delighted in my heart, as if I was his own son, and he was my own father. Thus I still continue thankful for his kindness towards me.

"The next morning the captain wished me to go shore and see my uncle, whether he was willing to let me go with him or not. I then got into a canoe and went on shore and found my uncle. He was at home.—He asked me where was I been through all that night before. I told him that I was on board the ship and staid there all the night. I told him what my object was, and all what the captain invite me to. As soon as my uncle heard that I was going to leave him, he shut me up in a room, for he was not willing to let me go. While I was in the room my old grandmother coming in, asked me what was my notion of leaving them, and go with the people whom I know not. I told her it is better for me to go than to stay there. She said if I should leave them I shall not see them any more. I told her that I shall come back in a few months if I live. Her eyes were filled with tears. She said that I was very foolish boy. This was all she said, and she went out from the room. As soon as she went out, I looked around, expecting to find a hole that I might escape out of the

house. And as soon as I saw a little hole in the side of the house, I got through it and went on board the ship. When my uncle heard that I was on board the ship, he got into his canoe and came on board the ship inquiring after me. No sooner after he made some inquirement I was there discovered by one of our countrymen who had the care of the ship, and was brought forth, and come to my uncle's house. He would not let me go unless I pay him a hog for his god: (for I was taken under his care to be made for a minister.)"

Here there is an interruption in the history, and it does not appear whether the exacted price was or was not paid for his discharge, and permission to come to America. Permission, however, was soon obtained.

"My uncle," he says, "would now delay me no longer, and I took my leave of them and bid them farewell. My parting with them was disagreeable to them and to me, but I was willing to leave all my relations, friends and acquaintance; expected to see them no more in this world. We set out on our journey towards the Seal Islands, on the N. W. part of America. On these islands the captain left twenty or thirty men for sealing business on his way to Owhyhee. We found them safe. Among these men I found a very desirable young man, by name Russell Hubbard, a son of Gen. H. of New-

Haven. This Mr. Hubbard was a member of Yale College. He was a friend of Christ. Christ was with him when I saw him, but I knew it not.—'Happy is the man that put his trust in God!' Mr. Hubbard was very kind to me on our passage, and taught me the letters in English spelling-book.

"We continued on these islands during six months, then took our course towards Owhyhee. Two of my countrymen were with me in the ship. One of them concluded to stay at Owhyhee, and the other to proceed on the voyage. The ship delayed no longer than a few days, and we set out for China, on our direct course to America.—On our way towards China my poor friend Thomas fell overboard. He was so careless, not knowing what he was about, he went outside of the ship and drew salt water to wash plates with (for he was a cabin's boy.) When the ship rolled he got in the water. The captain calls all hands upon the deck, and ordered to have all the sails pulled down in order to let about.—While we were working upon our sails, my friend Thomas was out of sight. While he was in the water he pulls all off his clothes in order to be lighter —We turned our ship and went back after him We found him almost dead. He was in the water during the space of two and a half hours. O how glad was I then to see him—for he was already gone.

" We took our direct course from hence as it was before. Soon we landed at an island belonging to that part of China, and in the evening after the sun-down we anchored. On the next morning we fired one of our cannon for a pilot. When we had fired once or twice, there was another ship of war belonging to the British, which stood about four or five miles apart from us.

" As soon as they heard our cannon, they sent one of their brigs. We were then taken by it for a while. They took our captain and he went on board the men of war's ship. He was there for a number of days. After this the Englishmen agreed to let us go. We therefore leave that place, called Mocow or Mockow, (Mócao) and directed our course to the city of Canton. We were there until we sold out all our seal-skins and loaded our ship with other sort of goods; such as tea, cinnamon, nankeens and silk, &c. At the end of six months we steered a direct course to America. At the Cape of Good Hope, or before it, our sailors on board the ship began to terrify at us.—They said that there was a man named Neptune who lived in that place and his abiding place was in the sea. In the evening the sailors begun the act.—One of them took an old great coat and put on him, and with a speaking trumpet in his hand, and his head was covered with a sheep-skin; and he went for-

ward of the ship and making a great noise. About this time friend Thomas and myself were on the quarter-deck, hearing some of them telling about Neptune's coming with an iron canoe, and iron paddle. Friend Thomas questioned whether the iron canoe will not sink down in the water. 'No,' said some of them, 'he will make it light, for he is a God.' While we were talking, the first we heard the sound of trumpet as follows,—'Ship hail! from whence came you?'—The captain immediately giving an answer in this manner: 'From Canton.' 'Have you got my boys?' said the old Neptune.—'Yes,' answered the captain.—'How many boys have you?' added the old Neptune. 'Two,' said the captain, (that is myself and friend Thomas.) As soon as we both heard the captain says 'two,' we both scared almost to death: and wished we were at home. The old Neptune wished to see us; but we dare not come near at it. He continued calling to us to come to him, or else he would take both of us to be as his servants. We therefore went up immediately and shook our hands with him in friendly manner. I thought that he was quite an old age; by seeing his long beards and his head covered with gray hairs: for his head was covered with a sheep-kin. After our conversation with him he wished for drink. So that I went and filled two

pails full of salt-water, (as the sailors had told us,) and I set them before him. Then he took his speaking trumpet and put it in my mouth for tunnel, in order to make me drink that salt-water which I brought. But while he stoops down to reach the pail of water, I took hold of the speaking trumpet and hold it one side of my cheek, so that I may not drink a drop of salt water: did not any body knew it for it was dark. But friend Thomas he was so full of scare, he took down a great deal of salt water. On the next morning he was taken sick, and puked from the morning until the evening.

"About this time our provision was almost out. We had no bread, meat and water, save only one biscuit a-day and one pint of water; only when the cook put in our tea. We were looking out for a vessel for a long time. Within a few days we come close to a schooner going to the West Indies; sailed from Boston. We fired at her in order to stop her. So did she. We got from them as much provision as we wished, and this lasted us until we got to New York.

"We landed at New York in the year 1809; continued there a few weeks, and after the captain sold out all the goods that are in the ship, we then parted with all our sailors; every one to go to their own home. But friend Thomas and myself continued with the captain. One evening two gen-

tlemen called on board the ship to see us. After our conversation was made with them, they wished us to go with them into a play-house, to show the curiosity. We then went with them into the playhouse and saw a great number of peoples, as I ever saw before. We staid during the forepart of the evening, then went on board the ship. The next morning the same two gentlemen called again and invited us to come to their house that forenoon. So that we both went. I thought while in the house of these two gentlemen how strange to see females eat with men.

"Within a few days we left our ship and went home with Captain B. to New-Haven; the place where he lived. There I lived with him for some time. In this place I become acquainted with many students belonging to the College. By these pious students I was told more about God than what I had heard before; but I was so ignorant that I could not see into it whether it was so. Many times I wished to hear more about God, but find no body to interpret it to me. I attended many meetings on the sabbath, but find difficulty to understand the minister. I could understand or speak but very little of the English language. Friend Thomas went to school to one of the students in the college before I thought of going to school. I heard that a ship was ready to

sail from New York within a few days for Owhyhee. The captain was willing that I might take leave of this country and go home if I wish. But this was disagreeable to my mind. I wished to continue in this country a little longer. I staid another week—saw Mr. E. W. D. who first taught me to read and write. The first time I saw him, he inquired whether I was one who came over with Thomas, (for Thomas was known among many scholars in College.) I told him I was one who came over with Thomas. He then asked me if I wished to learn to read and write. I told him that I was. He wished me to come to his room that night and begin to learn. So that I went in the evening and began to read in the spelling-book. Mr. D. wished me to come to his room at any time when it is agreeable to the captain with whom I then lived. I went home that night, and the next morning I mentioned all this matter to the captain. He was pleased, and he wished me to go to school to Mr. D. Thus I continued in school with him for several months."

When Obookiah was first discovered at New-Haven by the person of whom he speaks, his appearance was unpromising. He was clothed in a rough sailor's suit, was of a clumsy form, and his countenance dull and heavy. His friend had almost determined to pass him by, as one whom it

would be in vain to notice and attempt to instruct. But when the question was put him, "Do you wish to learn?" his countenance began to brighten. And when the proposal was made that he should come the next day to the college for that purpose, he served it with great eagerness.

It was not long after he began to study, and had obtained some farther knowledge of the English language, that he gave evidence, that the dullness, which was thought to be indicated by his countenance, formed no part of his character. It soon appeared that his eyes were open to every thing that was passing around him, and that he had an unusual degree of discernment with regard to persons and things of every description that came within his notice. The first exhibition that was made of this trait in his character, and indeed the first decisive evidence he furnished that his mind was less inactive than had been supposed, was in the following incident.

When he began to read in words of one or two syllables in the spelling-book, there were certain sounds which he found it very difficult to articulate. This was true, especially of syllables that contained the letter *R:* a letter which occasioned him more trouble than all others. In pronouncing it, he uniformly gave it the sound of *L.* At every different reading an attempt was made

to correct the pronunciation. The language generally used on such occasions was, "*Try*, Obookiah, it is *very easy*." This was often repeated. But it was soon perceived, that whenever these words were used they excited a smile. And as patience began to be tried by many unsuccessful attempts, and the words to be used more in earnest, he was observed to turn away his face for the purpose of concealment, and seemed much diverted. As he was unable to express his thoughts except by acts, no explanation was made and none demanded. The reason was scarcely perceived. But as the attempts to correct the error were at last successful, the circumstance was soon forgotten. A short time after this, long enough, however, for Obookiah to have made some improvement in speaking the English, his instructor was spending an evening pleasantly with him, in making inquiries concerning some of the habits and practices of his own country. Among other things Obookiah mentioned the manner in which his countrymen *drank from a spring*, when out upon their hunting excursions. The cup which they used was their hands. It was made by clasping them together, and so adjusting the thumbs, and bending the hands, as to form a vessel which would contain a considerable quantity. Of this he gave an example; and after preparing his hands, was able, from the pliableness of his

arms, to raise them entirely to his mouth, without turning them at all from their horizontal position. The experiment was attempted by his instructor: but he found that before his hands were raised half the distance to his mouth, they were so much inverted, that their contents would have been principally lost. He repeated the trial until he began to be discouraged; when Obookiah, who had been much amused with his efforts, with a very expressive countenance said to him, "*Try, Mr. D., it is very easy.*" The former mystery was now unravelled, and an important lesson taught with respect to the ease or difficulty, with which things are done by us, that are or are not natural to us; or to which we have or have not been, from early life, accustomed.

About this time it was discovered that Obookiah noticed with uncommon acuteness and interest, every singularity in the speech and manners of those around him. And in the midst of his own awkwardness, to the surprise of all who were conversant with him, he suddenly began to show himself dexterous as a mimic. He one day placed himself upon the floor, drew up his sleeves half way to the elbow, walked across the room with a peculiar air, and said "*Who dis?*" The person intended was instantly known by all that were present. He then put himself in a different position, changed

his gait, and said again, "*Well*, who *dis*?" This imitation also was so accurate, of another of the members of college, that no one doubted with regard to the original. The extent of his own awkwardness at this time may be learned from the effect which an exhibition of it produced upon himself. After he had completed his own efforts at mimicry, his friend said to him, "Well, Obookiah, should you like to know how you walk?" He seemed much pleased with the suggestion, and the imitation was attempted. He was greatly diverted, though almost incredulous, and said with earnestness—several times repeating the question—"*Me walk so?*" After being assured that it was a reality, he burst into a loud roar of laughter and fell upon the floor, where he indulged his mirth until he had exhausted his strength.

The same trait of character was discoverable in the manner in which he was affected with respect to the idols of the heathen, upon the first instruction given him concerning the true God. He was at once very sensibly impressed with the *ludicrous* nature of idol worship. Smiling at its absurdity, he said, "Owhyhee gods! they *wood, burn;* Me go home, put 'em in a fire, burn 'em up. They no *see*, no *hear*, no *any thing*"—then added,—"*We make them—Our God*, (looking up) *He* make *us*."

The history proceeds—"Now I wished no more to live with captain any longer, but rather wished to live somewhere else, where I could have an opportunity to learn to write and read. I went to my friend Mr. D., who was to be my best and kind friend; I made known to him all my desire. I told him that I wished to live where I could have an opportunity to get in some school, and work a part of the time. He then wished me to live with President Dwight. This satisfied me; I went with him to Dr. Dwight's house. I lived with this pious and good family for some time, and went to school to the same man as before. While I lived with these good people I have more time to attend to my book than I ever did before. Here was the first time I meet with praying family morning and evening. It was difficult for me to understand what was said in prayer, but I doubt not this good people were praying for me while I was with them; seeing that I was ignorant of God and my Saviour. I heard of God, as often as I lived with this family, and I believed but little. Whilst I lived at Dr. Dwight's, I went up to my school room one evening, and saw Mr. S. J. M., a son of Rev. Mr. S. J. I., of Torringford, sitting with Mr. D. my instructor. Mr. D. wished me to make acquaintance with Mr. M. So did I—(and shook hands with him.) Mr. M. continued in New

Haven for several months. During this time he wished me to go home with him; he says he has a good father, mother, brother and sister. This requesting was very pleasing to me—so that I consented. I then left New-Haven and went home with Mr. M. I lived with this family in the year 1810. These people were the most judicious and kindest people. I was treated by them in the most affectionate manner—(yet not knowing who brought me there, for I was very ignorant of him who gave me so many good friends in this country.) It seemed to me as my own home. It was. And I have made my home there frequently. I could say much of them, but what more can I do, but to remember their kindness toward me. While I was with them I continued my study in spelling, reading and writing, to Mr. J. F. M. a brother of Mr. M. whom I was acquainted with at the first. Here I learned some sort of farming business: cutting wood, pulling flax, mowing, &c.—only to look at the other and learn from them."

As Obookiah was to obtain, in part, his support at Mr. Mills's by his labour, he was immediately set about most kinds of business that pertain to a farm. And though this was a new employment to him, he was found to excel in every thing to which he turned his hand. One glance at others for an example was all the instruction that he

required, before he was ready to undertake, and to perform skilfully, every kind of labour.

The following extract of a letter from the Rev. Mr. Mills, sufficiently illustrates this part of his character.

"There was something unusual in regard to Obookiah. His attention to what passed before him, and his talent at imitation, were singular. He had never mown a clip until he came to live with me. My son furnished him with a scythe. He stood and looked on to see the use he made of it, and at once followed, to the surprise of those who saw him. We had a *spell* at reaping. We furnished him with a sickle. He stood and looked, and followed on. It was afterwards observed by a person who was in the field, that there were not two reapers there who excelled him.

"In these respects and others, he was truly a remarkable youth."

While Obookiah remained in the family of Mr. Mills, "every possible attention was paid to the improvement of his mind, and his progress was such as to convince those who instructed him that their labour was not in vain. He soon acquired a knowledge of the spelling-book, and in a few months was able to read in the Testament. By this

time he had also made considerable proficiency in writing. It was observed that he learned to talk English just as fast as he learned to read it. When he became able to communicate his ideas in a broken manner, he would express a very tender concern for his countrymen."*

Henry now made his first essay at letter-writing. His first letter was written to his friend Thomas at New-Haven, and the second to his former instructor. The last has been preserved, and for reasons that will be obvious, is here inserted.—The following is an exact copy:

"*Torringford, March* 2, 1810.

"Mr. E. D., Sir,

"I here now—this place, Torringford—I glad see you very much. I laugh Tom Hoboo—he say—'Obooki write me that: Me no write.' I want you tell Tom Mr. S. Mills say if we be good boys we shall have friends. One morning you know I come into your room in college, and you tell me —*read—you say, what c.a.p. spell? then I say c.a.p. pig.* I spell four syllables now, and I say what is the chief end of man. I like you much. I like your brother, and your friend Mr. Dean. I wear this great coat

* "Narrative of Heathen Youth."

you gave me to meeting every Sunday. I wish you would write me a letter and tell me what Tom do.

"This from

"HENRY OBOOKI."

"Mrs. M. the wife of the Rev. Mr. M." continues Obookiah, "was a very amiable woman, and I was treated by her as her own child. She used me kindly, and learned me to say the Catechism.

"Many ministers called on the Rev. Mr. M., and I was known by a great number of ministers. But on account of my ignorance of the true God, I do not wish to hear them when they talk to me. I would not wish to be in the room where they were; neither did I wish to come near to a minister, for the reason that he should talk to me about God, whom I hated to hear. I was told by them about heaven and hell, but I did not pay any attention to what they say; for I thought that I was just as happy as the other people, as those who do know about God much more than I do. But this thought, as I see to it now, was the most great and dangerous mistake.

"At the close of the year 1810, I left this place, and went to Andover. I continued there for some time. Here my wicked heart began to see a little about the divine things; but the more I see to it, the more it appear

to be *impenetrability*. I took much satisfaction in conversing with many students in the Institution. I spent a little time with some of them, and in going to one room and to another to recite to them: for I was taken under their care. Whenever I got a lesson I had a right to go to any room in college to recite. While I was there for a long time, my friend Mr. M. was there; one of my kindest friends that I had, who took me away from his father's house. This young Mr. M. was studying divinity at the college where I was instructed by the students."

It was at this time and with the friend who has been mentioned, that Obookiah made his first attempt to pray in the presence of another. "His friend having knelt down and prayed, turning to him before they rose, said, 'you may pray.'—When he delivered himself, in substance, in the following terms."

"Great and eternal God—make heaven—make earth—make every thing—have mercy on me—make me understand the Bible—make me good—great God have mercy on Thomas—make him good—make Thomas and me go back Owhyhee—tell folks in Owhyhee, no more pray to stone god—make some good man go with me to Owhyhee, tell folks in Owhyhee about Heaven—about Hell—God make all people good every

where—great God have mercy on college—make all good—make Mr. Samuel good—have mercy on Mr. Samuel's father, mother, sister, brother."—"Our father which art in heaven," &c.

"My friend, Mr. M., now thought it would be well for me to leave Andover, and go to some school, where I may improve my time much more than I could there. He said if I should go he would try to find some good people who would be willing to support me. This was a most kind offer, which I cannot feel any more than to be thankful for all this kindness to me. Mr. M. now sent me to Bradford Academy; and there I continued for some time at school. The people where I boarded, at the house of Deacon H. were a most pious family. But while I was here in the school, my serious feelings, which I had before, lost all; and become very ignorant of religion by being among some *unserious* company, talking many foolish subjects. I thought now I shall never have any more such feelings as I had before—I thought that I must always be miserable here and hereafter, I became prayerless and thoughtless—no hope for mercy—never attempted to be alone as I had done before. I sit and walked about all day—took no opportunity to be at the throne of grace, but rather to be stupid—from the morning until evening never thought of him who kept me

alive; neither when I lay down upon my bed, nor when I rose up. I was in this situation for a long time, while I was at school. At the close of the school I went back to Andover. Mr. M. was not there. It was vacation. I staid until he returned. When he returned he inquired how I have been, and how I was pleased with the school. I answered well. But I did not let him know what was my situation, and what trouble I had met with while I was there, but kept all these things in my own mind.

"In the spring season of the year 1811, I hired myself out for a month or two, on account of my health, with Mr. F. who lived about five miles from the college. Mr. F. one day sent me into the woods not far from the house to work. I took an axe and went and worked there till towards noon. But here O! I come to myself again! many thoughts come into my mind that I was in a dangerous situation. I thought that if I should then die, I must certainly be cast off for ever. While I was working, it appeared as it was a voice saying, 'Cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground.' I worked no longer—but dropped my axe, and walked a few steps from the place (for the people in the house would soon send a lad after me, for it was noon.) I fell upon my knees and looked up to the Almighty Jehovah for help. I was not but an undone and hell-deserving

sinner. I felt that it would be just that God should cast me off withersoever he would —that he should do with my poor soul as it seemed to him fit. I spent some time here until I heard a boy calling for me—and I went. The people in the house asked of my sadness—to which I gave but little answer. In the night my sleep was taken away from me. I kept awake almost the whole night. Many of my feelings and thoughts in past time came into remembrance—and how I treated the mercy of God while I was at Bradford Academy. The next morning I rose up before the rest, and went to a place where I was alone by myself. Here I went both morning, night and noon. At this little place I find some comfort. And when I go there I enjoy myself better all the day.

"At the end of two months I returned to Andover. Many times Mr. M. asked me about my feelings, and I was neither willing to answer much, nor could I, on account of my unfruitfulness and wickedness.

"I continued here a few days and then hired myself out again, and went to labour for Mr. A. a farmer, in haying time. Mr. A. was a good man, and it was a religious family. I had here the same seriousness in my mind as before, but never did meet with real change of heart yet."

During Obookiah's residence at Andover, he lived two years in the family of Mr. A

the steward of the Theological Institution This family bears very favourable testimony to the excellence of his character. They speak of him with tears. Said Mrs. A. to a friend, "He was always pleasant. I never saw him angry. He used to come into my chamber and kneel down by me and pray. Mr. M. did not think he was a christian at that time, but he appeared to be thinking of nothing else but religion. He afterwards told me that there was a time when he wanted *to get religion into his head* more than *into his heart.*"

In an absence of a month or two from the family, he wrote a letter to Mrs. A. from which the following is an extract:

"I sometimes think about my poor soul, and that which God hath done. I will cry unto God—'What shall I do to be saved?' I know that God is able to take away blind eyes and wicked heart. We must be born again and have a new spirit before we die. As soon as we shall be dead, all we must stand before the judgment seat of Christ. Friend, perhaps you have not done any thing wicked, so that God can punish you. I hope you have not. But if we are not his friends and followers he will cast us into hell, and we shall be there for ever and ever. I hope you will think upon all these things. Friend to you, "HENRY OBOOKIAH."

Whilst at Andover Obookiah heard that one of his countrymen resided in the vicinity. He hastened to him and spent a part of a day with him, and a night in which they did not sleep. When he returned, a friend said to him, "Well Henry, what news from Owhyhee?" He replied, "*I did not think of Owhyhee, I had so much to say about Jesus Christ.*"

Henry had now become diligent in studying the Scriptures, and made rapid progress in religious knowledge. The following fact is a specimen of what he had attained.

He was asked, "How many miracles are recorded of our Saviour?" He began with the first, that of making water wine, and mentioned them all.

In a letter from Andover, communicating the preceding facts, it is observed, "Mr. A. the steward, says, Henry was very inquisitive, and could never be satisfied until he saw the whole of a subject. This was peculiarly observable during an eclipse of the sun, concerning which he asked many troublesome questions: and also with regard to many kinds of public business; particularly the mode of levying, collecting, and appropriating taxes.

"He was seen one morning very early with a rule measuring the College buildings and fences. He was asked why he did it. He smiled, and said, 'So that I shall know

how to build when I go back to Owhyhee.'

"When he heard a word," said Mr. A. "which he did not understand or could not speak, it was his constant habit to ask me 'How you *spell?* How you *spell?*' When I told him he never forgot."

Henry now began to maintain a correspondence with his absent friends: a practice in which he seemed to take unusual pleasure through the whole of his future life.

The two following letters, written at Andover, are taken from the "Narrative of Heathen Youth." "They were exactly copied from the original with a few corrections in the punctuation."

"ANDOVER, Dec. 15, 1812.

"*Dear Christian Friend,*

"I improve this opportunity to write to you. And I saw your beloved book which you sent by Mr. G. and that I very much thank you for it. I am great joy to God to give me such a good friend in this land where we hear the words of God—God is kind to us and to the other—that is to every body else. God will carry through his work for us.

"I do not know what will God do with my poor soul. I shall go before God and also both Christ.

"We must all try to get forward where God wishes us to do. God is able to save sinners if we have some feeling in him. Is very great thing to have hope in him, and do all the Christian graces. I hope the Lord will send the gospel to the heathen land where the words of the Saviour never yet had been. Poor people worship the wood and stone and shark, and almost every thing their gods; the Bible is not there, and Heaven and Hell they do not know about. I yet in this country and no father and no mother. But God is friend if I will do his will and not my own will."

The following letter was written to the Rev. Mr. Mills of Torringford.

"ANDOVER, Jan. 27, 1813.

"*Very Dear Christian Friend,*

"I improve this opportunity to write to you a letter. I received your two letters and I had broken the seals of both of them, and I have read those sweet words that make my poor and wicked heart feel cold, as like cold water. O Lord how long shall I continue in my own sins? Lord wilt thou hear my secret prayer?

"Dear sir, I hope your prayer for the poor and blind immortal souls will be heard. I thank you to pray for me beside my own prayer. Pray to God that he might pour

down his Holy Spirit upon all our souls.—I do not know what will become of my poor soul, when my time is full come hereafter. But in my own feeling I wish his will, and I am willing that God do what he please for my poor soul. What are sweet things in this world, sinners like better than their own souls which are going down to the bottomless pit. O how wicked and sinful are we. How shall we go to the path of life and of his truth, and be with him in Heaven. No way at all; only we must give away ourselves to him and leave all our sins behind. Some think they know not how to pray; but they ought to know, for Christ hath taught us. I went to Tyngebury last week to see a boy who came from Owhyhee. He arrived last June—(this is not Thomas who came with me.) As the distance from this place was small, I went to visit him. I hope the Lord will have mercy upon his poor soul. He knew nothing of the Saviour before I told him. I first mentioned to him Genesis 1., &c. telling him that God made the world by his own power; then he said, O how foolish we are to worship wood and stone gods; we give them hogs and cocoa nuts and banana, but they cannot eat. Yes, said I, it is foolish. Then he asked me where that man was, that made every thing. I told him, he was every where with us. Does he hear when you and I talk? says he. I told him yes,

and you must believe in him if you would be his friend. He said he did believe what I told him. He has not learned to understand English, but I spoke in Owhyhee. I took him with me to the minister's house on Sabbath evening, so I told him in Owhyhee what Mr. Allen the minister said. He had been before but could not understand what was said. I told him what God did for him in keeping him alive and bringing him to this country. He said he liked that man (meaning God) very much. He asked me many questions again and again about God, which I answered. After we went to bed he said he would never forget what I had told him. He said when he eat he would remember who gave him food. The people where he lived said he might stay there as he would; and when he had learned English a little he might go to school. He did cry when I left him.

In the spring of the year 1812, Mr. Mills, the particular patron of Obookiah, was appointed by the board of commissioners to take a missionary tour through the western and southern states. Soon after his departure Obookiah went to spend several months at Hollis, in New Hampshire.—"Here," he says, "I lived with two good men, Dea. E. and Dea. B. and with the Rev. Mr. S. While I was in this place, I became more thoughtful about myself. I attended many

of the young people's meetings, and I was quite happy. But I was now taken sick of a fever at the house of Dea. B. I was very weak and was not able to answer to the questions of those who came to visit me. Then thought I, where shall I go for a physician, but unto thee! Death had but a little fear. I continued sick for five weeks. The whole family of Dea. B. were very kind. I was treated with the most affectionate care during the whole of my sickness. Doctor C. was a very kind and friendly man. He was a pious man and good Christian. Many times he prayed with me while I was upon my sick bed.

"One day Mrs. B. asked me whether I was willing to die and leave this world of sin and go to the better. To which I replied that I should have no objection if God should do with me as it seemed to him fit. She added, 'Do you remember the goodness and the kindness of God toward you?' I answered yes—For I have neither a father nor a mother, nor a brother nor a sister in this strange country but He. But O! am I fit to call him my father? 'Whosoever doeth his will the same is a child of God.' No longer after my complaint was over I began to experience hope in religion. I thought often concerning the happiness of another world and eternal realities. But my mind and my heart of wickedness would

often turn back to this world: (if I do not think about the serious things.) Many times I meet with dark hour. But the greatest part of the time I took much comfort and happiness, both in my secret prayer and in serious conversation with others. I thought now with myself, that I have met with a change of heart. It was so if I mistake not. For the Lord Jesus did appear as chiefest among ten thousand, and one altogether lovely; and his mercy appeared to be welcome to a sinner as I."

In the fall, Henry left Hollis and returned to Andover; where he remained until the succeeding spring: when he took his final leave of that place, and went "home" to the house of the Rev. Mr. Mills in Torringford. Here he passed the following summer.

During this residence at Mr. Mills's, he occasionally visited Litchfield, to see the person who had been his early friend at New-Haven. As this was but a short period after his hopeful conversion, his friend was anxious to ascertain what knowledge he possessed of experimental religion. To the questions that were asked him, he gave answers which clearly evinced that on this subject he had thought and felt for himself; and furnished much reason to hope that he had been savingly instructed by the Holy Spirit. "How does your own heart appear to you?" was a question put to him. To

which he replied, "O *black, very black.*"—"But you hope you have a new heart, how did it appear to you before it was changed?" "*Mud,*" he said, "*all* mud."

His conversation was at this time much upon the subject of religion, and he seemed, for so young a christian, to be in an uncommon degree heavenly minded. He said, "When I at home—at Torringford—out in the field I can't help think about Heaven. I go in a meadow—work at the hay—my hands—but my thought—no there.—*In Heaven—all time*—then I very happy."

He had already acquired a very considerable knowledge of the Scriptures. He quoted passages appropriate to almost every subject of conversation. It was evident that his mind dwelt upon the truth of the Bible, and that he found much of his habitual pleasure in searching out the less obvious treasures which it contained. He manifested great inquisitiveness with regard to passages of Scripture whose meaning he did not entirely comprehend. Many passages were the subject of inquiry. One only is recollected. "What our Saviour mean," said he, "when he say, 'In my father's house are many mansions—I go prepare a place for you.' What he mean, '*I go prepare a place?*'"

The readiness and propriety with which he quoted passages of Scripture on every occasion, were particularly noticed by all

who conversed with him. In one of his visits he asked his friend, who was now in the study of Divinity, to go aside, as if he had something of importance which he wished to reveal. But it appeared that it was his object to converse with him upon the subject of accompanying him to Owhyhee. He plead with great earnestness that he would go and preach the Gospel to his poor countrymen. Not receiving so much encouragement as he desired, he suspected that his friend might be influenced by the fear of the consequences of attempting to introduce a new religion among the heathen. Upon which, though he had now just begun to lisp the language of the scriptures, he said, "*You fraid?*" You know our Saviour say, "*He that will save his life shall lose it; and he that will lose his life for my sake, same shall save it.*"

His own fearlessness and zeal on this subject he exhibited about the same time to an aged Minister who asked him why he wished to return to Owhyhee. He replied, "to preach the Gospel to my countrymen." He was asked, what he would say to them about their wooden gods. He answered "Nothing." "But," said the clergyman, "suppose your countrymen should tell you that preaching Jesus Christ was blaspheming their gods, and should put you to death?" To this he replied with great emphasis, "If that be the will of God, *I am ready, I am ready.*"

In the fall of 1813, Henry was invited by James Morris, Esq. of Litchfield, to spend the winter in his family, and attend the public grammar school, of which for many years he had been preceptor. Here Henry commenced the study of English grammar, geography and arithmetic, in which he made during the winter very considerable progress. In the spring of 1814, he returned to Mr. Mills's, and spent the summer, principally in labouring on the farm. At the annual meeting of the North Consociation of Litchfield county, in the fall of 1814, Henry, by the advice of his friends, applied to that body to take him under their care, and give him counsel and direction as to his studies and other concerns. The Consociation voted to comply with his request, and appointed a board consisting of three persons, to superintend his education, and report to the Consociation annually.

After Obookiah was taken under the care of the Consociation, he pursued his studies under the direction of their committee, so far as the charity of his christian friends furnished him with the means. He was obliged to labour a part of the time for his own support; and to change from time to time his place of residence. The evidences of his christian character in the view of those who had most opportunity to observe him, were continually brightening. He dis-

covered a strong relish for the Bible; was constant in reading it; and seldom would any object or circumstances prevent his reading daily some portion of the Scriptures. Occasionally, when requested, he has prayed and spoken in social religious meetings, and always performed these services to the acceptance, and it is believed, to the edification of those present.*

The summer of 1814, Henry spent at Torringford. "In the beginning of summer," he says, "my friend Mr. M., whom I loved, returned from his missionary tour. I received him with joyful salutation. Several times he asked me how my wicked heart get along while I was hoeing corn.—But I was still fearful to tell whether my heart was changed or not.

"At this time Mr. M. wished me to go and live with the Rev. Mr. Harvey, of Goshen. This was pleasing to me, and I went to live with Mr. H. and studied geography and mathematics. And a part of the time was trying to translate a few verses of the Scriptures into my own language; and in making a kind of spelling-book; taking the English alphabet, and giving different names and different sounds—(for this language was not written language.) I spent some time

* "Narrative of Heathen Youth."

in making a kind of spelling-book, dictionary, grammar, &c.

"While I was in this place with Rev. Mr. H. I took more happiness upon my knees than I ever did before; having a good room to study, and being alone the greatest part of the time. Many happy and serious thoughts were coming into my mind while I was upon my bed in the night. Every thing appeared to be very clear to my own view. Many times the Lord Jesus appeared in my mind to be the most great grace and glorious. O what happy hours that I had in the night season! I thought sometimes before, that religion was a hard thing to get it—making many excuses for *pray hour*, and kept putting off from time to time, and thought it would become easier some time at hand. But this kind of feeling led me far beyond all happiness. Many times I lived as a man that travels up to a hill and then down. But it was nothing that hindered me but my own wicked heart, and because I did not repent for my sin.

"I seeked for the Lord Jesus for a long time, but found him not. It was because I did not seek him in a right manner. But still I do think that I have found him upon my knees. *The Lord was not in the wind, neither in the earthquake, nor in the fire, but in small voice.*

"About this time I thought with myself

to join with some church. I wished to give every thing up for the glory of God, to give up my whole soul to him, to do with me as he pleaseth. I made known these things to the Rev. Mr. H. and he thought it would be better for me to make a profession of religion. He wished me to go and see the Rev. Mr. M. and the people whom I have been acquainted with, and talk the matter over with them; for I longed to be. I therefore went and conversed with my good friend and father M. concerning my case. All the matter seemed to him well. He wished me to come over on the next Sabbath and attend my examination. I staid at Goshen until the approaching of the Sabbath which was appointed, and then went over to Torringford. I thought while I was travelling, that I was going home to New Jerusalem—to the welcome gate. As I walked along I repeated these words, '*Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee.*' I was received into the church of Christ in Torringford, on the ninth day of April in the year 1815. The following is the text which the Rev. Mr. M. preached from: '*I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known.*' "

Previously to the time appointed for the admission of Obookiah into the church, he requested Mr. Mills to give him an oppor-

tunity, if he thought it proper, at the time of his admission, "to speak a few words to the people." Mr. Mills readily consented—but from some particular circumstances, he did not recollect, at the proper time, Henry's request, and it was neglected. After the public services were closed, and Mr. Mills had retired to his study, Henry went to him with a broken heart, and said, "You no let me speak, sir—I sorry." Mr. Mills was much affected, but there was no remedy. But, said he, "What did you wish to say, Henry?" He replied, "I want to ask the people, what they all waiting for? they live in Gospel land—hear all about salvation—God ready—Christ ready—all ready—Why they don't come to follow Christ?"

Although Henry became a member of the church at Torringford, he still continued his residence with the Rev. Mr. H. at Goshen. "Here," he says, "I lived a little more than a year, and was treated with the most affectionate and kindest treatment. I was now taken under the care of the board of commissioners for foreign missions, with a view to my future employment to be as a missionary to my poor countrymen—who are yet living in region and shadow of death—without knowledge of the true God, and ignorant of the future world—have no Bible to read—no Sabbath—and all these things are unknown to them. With them I feel and ex-

pected to spend the remainder of my days in the service of our glorious Redeemer, if the Almighty should spare my life. I often feel for them in the night season concerning the loss of their souls, and wish many times to be among them before I am fit to come to them—for I long to see them. O that the Lord would pluck them from the everlasting burning! and that the Lord may be their God, and may they be his people—and *be made partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light.* O what a happy time I have now, while my poor friends and relations at home are perishing with hunger, and thirsty, wanting of Divine mercy and water out of the well of salvation. May the Lord Jesus dwell in my heart and prepare me to go and spend the remaining part of my life with them. But *not my will,* O Lord, *but thy will be done.* May I live with them as a stranger and pilgrim upon the earth as long as I live: and spend and be spent in the service of the Redeemer. May the Lord teach me to live in his fear, to do his will and to live devoted to his service."

The following extracts are taken from a letter written by Obookiah whilst residing at Goshen: dated

"*April* 24, 1815.

"————, I knew not what was my business when at first time I set out from home

—only a boy's notion. Because I have no father and no mother, I therefore thought of it, I must go and see the world, and see what I can find. I never heard any thing about Jesus, and heaven, and hell. Well, after I heard about these things, I heard that Jesus was the Son of God, and that he has came into the world to save sinners; the evil spirit then coming into my mind, and said that there was none neither heaven nor hell. I could not believe it. Sometimes when some good people talked with me on this subject, I was but just hate to hear it.

"I hope that you and I may meet, though at present unknown to each other, in the eternal world; where many come from the east and from the west, and from the north and from the south, and sit down together in the kingdom of Christ. But I do sometimes think often that I shall never see that holy and happy world. I am very afraid, because I was a great enemy to God, and have fought against his grace and his loving-kindness towards me.

"Oh! my dear friend, do not forget to pray for me before our heavenly Father, when you are alone. Pray for me, and for my poor countrymen, and for others, that we may escape from the wrath to come. Those that have been faithful to the Lord Jesus Christ, the same shall be saved; and

those that have done evil shall come to the resurrection of damnation.

"There is no great consequence wherever we may be called, if we only keep our hearts right before God. We are under peculiar obligation to consecrate ourselves wholly to the glory of God. But we know that our deceitful hearts are apt to run down, *even as a clock or watch is.* A good clock will keep good time by winding it up; but if we don't, it certainly will run down. For 'this people,' said our Saviour, 'draweth nigh unto me with their mouth, and honoureth me with their lips, but their heart is far from me.' My wicked heart has been just as those clocks which run down very often. But I hope I love the Lord Jesus Christ. I am willing to give up every thing, both my soul and body, for time and eternity. God can do all this. 'I can do all things,' said the apostle, 'through Christ,' &c.

"My dear friend, do not forget to pray for William—pray that he may ever have joy in the holy presence of God, and may he be made a good soldier of the cross of Christ. There is reason to hope that his heart will be changed, for God will have mercy on whom he will. I wish that he could live with me, so that I could do all what I can for him. God, in his holy providence, has brought him and me from the heathen land. Because of the weakness of our faith and our

selfishness, the gold and silver are tempting to the soul. O! can sinners expect to walk the golden streets without a perfect heart; or how shall we live with him without being born again.

"There is no way I can see for sinners but to go to Christ. 'I am the way, the truth, and the life. No man cometh unto the Father but by me,' said the Saviour. 'At that day shall ye know that I am in the Father, and ye in me, and I in you.' The Lord Jesus is all ready and waiting for sinners, and inviting them to come to him immediately without delay.

"May the Lord direct you, and make you a faithful labourer in the Lord's vineyard."

The following extracts are from a letter written to the Rev. E. T. F., at New-Haven, dated

"GOSHEN, June 4, 1815.

"*My Dear Friend,*

"I received your kind letter which came into my hand this day with great pleasure. You desire me to let you know the present state of my feelings. I have no objection, but I have not much to say on this subject. You know when I was at Andover, there I was in full concern about my soul, and knew then that I was but a dying worm of the dust, and I knew I was poor sinner. And

now I hope that the Lord Jesus will be my eternal portion, and direct me evermore. I have nothing to do but to be thankful for all the privileges and blessings which I enjoy. I know that God will have mercy on whom he will—and with such promise, our souls must rest in God.

"O my dear friend, do not cease to pray for me, and for Tennooe, and for the poor ignorant people at Owhyhee: and pray for the poor people in this country as well as the heathen, for their hearts are not with God, and their ears are much deafer than that of the heathen—when they hear the word of God on every Sabbath, and can read the Holy Scriptures. O may the Lord bless us all with an increase of his grace. I hope you will never forget to write to me when you can, and tell me what religious experience you know I am ignorant of.

"I want to see you about our Grammar;* I want to get through with it. I have been translating a few chapters of the Bible into the Owhyhee language. I found I could do it very correctly.

"I hope that the great God will be gracious to you, and make you a faithful minister of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. 'Walk by faith, and not by sight.'"

* An Owhyhean Grammar which he was employed in making with the aid of Mr. F.

Extracts from a letter to Mr. S. B. I., a member of Yale College.

"GOSHEN, June 9, 1815.

"*My Dear Friend,*

"I improve this opportunity to write to you a few lines. When you was up here last you know that I was quite unwell then. On that account I could not talk much with you when you was speaking on the religious subjects.

"O my friend, what is our rule? Is not the word of God, which is contained in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament? Certainly it is. But we are apt to hate to put away sins, for they are sweeter than the grace of God.

"O my dear friend, let us continue in the hope of the glory of our Redeemer, with true hearts, in full assurance of faith. Cease not to pray for the fatherless as I am. O what a wonderful thing it is that the hand of the Divine Providence has brought me here, from that heathenish darkness where the light of divine truth never had been. And here have I found the name of the Lord Jesus in the Holy Scriptures; and have read that his blood was shed for many. And I remember his own words which he said 'Father forgive them, for they know not what they do?'

"Do not forget to mention me and Tennooe before our heavenly Father when you

are alone by yourself, that we may not enter into temptation, and that our souls may have rest in God. I hope to hear from you before long. When you write to me, if agreeable to you, I wish you to give me some information of religious experience, &c. and how a Christian feels, &c. &c. I hope that the Lord will be with you; and may your journey through this vale of tears be sweetened by the precious religion of the blessed Saviour. May He who is rich in mercy, and abundant in grace and goodness, bless you with an increase of his mercy, and make you a faithful soldier of the cross of Christ."

In another letter to one of his countrymen residing at Boston, he says,

"I doubt not that you have seen some people in this country, as much as 10, 20, 30, 40, 50, and 60 years of age, still neglecting religion from year to year; and adding sin to sin as long as they live. This will not do: for God hath said, 'My Spirit shall not always strive with man.' But, alas, sin is a lovely friend to a sinner. He will not get away from his sins for a thousand worlds. '*O*,' sinner, '*taste and see that the Lord is good.*'

"Do write me a long letter without delay, and tell me *how did God appear to you at first*, and tell me what is your first object if you should return home," &c.

The letter which follows was taken from the "Vermont Adviser," and was written to a young gentleman in Middlebury. To what extent the language was altered before it was inserted in the "Adviser," is unknown.

"GOSHEN, Sept. 25, 1814.

"*Dear Friend*,

"It is long since I saw you when you had kept Mr. B.'s store at Torringford: you are by no means forgotten. I conclude that you are probably in the best place. I am contented. Undoubtedly your present situation affords the best opportunity to pursue your studies; and is hoped that you have also good religious instructions and cautions. I hope you remember that the true friends of God may have pleasure wherever they are, if they make it their chief concern to glorify, love, and please him: but those who do not, have no right to expect pleasure any where. In whatever place we are, we have much that we can and ought to do for God. Our first care should be to keep our own thoughts right. We should think much on that great and holy Being, that formed us; on his holiness and abhorrence of every sin; on our constant dependence upon him; how many blessings he is conferring upon us, and how little we deserve them, and how undone and unthankful we are for them; or our deserving evil instead of good; and how abomina-

ble we are in his sight, whenever we do evil. We should think often on death and our appearing before the eternal Saviour in judgment. We ought not only to read the Bible often, but to pray often that we may know of the salvation, and understand and be assisted to live according to it; and this would aid us very much in keeping our thoughts. If we exercise sufficient care over our thoughts, our outward conduct also will be good. But if we employ our minds, one moment, on foolish or useless things, we shall not only offend God by that, but we shall be liable to fall into outward sins, and so endanger our own souls, and encourage other in the same evil; and their wickedness will encourage other, and so on. We cannot conceive the dreadful consequences of one sin, and we are very apt to forget how prone we are to fall into sin. We are very apt likewise to satisfy ourselves with what we intend to do hereafter, and to forget our present duty. The truth is, all our time is made up of present time, and all we need to care is, that we may all the time do the best we can for our great Creator, this present minute. All that we can possibly do is but a little; for all we have and all we are is God's, and we can never atone for one of all our sins, but we must trust altogether in the merits of Christ. But now my dear friend I hope you will strive to improve all

your time well; and that may the God will be gracious to you; and make you faithful and useful as long as you live here in the world.

"I wish you would write to me as soon as you can, when you can. I concluded to be here with Mr. Harvey this winter; and whenever you come this way, I should be glad to see you here. Mr. and Mrs. Harvey, they are very agreeable and kind, I was very much pleased with them. I saw your father at Torringford some time ago; he wished me to write to you when I could, I told him I would.

"One thing I must mention to you, that is, we must always continue in our prayers before our heavenly Father, that we may all become followers of those, who through faith and patience inherit the promises. But now I must close this subject.

"Your affectionate friend,

"HENRY OBOOKIAH."

In October, 1815, Obookiah left Goshen, and went to reside in the family of the Rev. Mr. Prentice of Canaan. At this period the history of his past life terminates. He commenced writing it soon after he removed to Canaan, at the request of his instructor, as a daily exercise. It was completed in the beginning of the succeeding year. In March he commences a Diary; which he continued

till the close of the summer: when he changed again his place of residence, went to South Farms, and soon afterward to Amherst in Massachusetts. From this time the nature of his employment was such that the Diary was either suspended, or continued only at intervals, and not preserved.

The following extracts are from the Diary.

March 5, 1816.—This evening I attended a conference at the house of Dea. B. It was a very solemn time. Many appeared to be very serious and attentive; though I was in fear it was not so in the heart. Rev. Mr. P. made some observations from these words, "Why sit we here until we die?" By hearing these words my mind was much concerned, and I felt as though I was still enough in my own sin. "What shall I do?" said I to myself. The answer was, work faithfully with your own heart. With these thoughts coming into my mind, I found peace and joy. O that I might understand the work of my own heart.

6th.—I have just now been thinking of the prophet Elijah: how he prayed to his God, when he went up to the top of the Mount Carmel, and how he put his face between his knees and prayed to the God of Heaven. O, how much better it is to spend time now in such a way of praying, than to

wait until the time of prayer may be over. What should hinder the heart from being busy in prayer to God secretly, while their hands are full of any business whatever?

8th.—This day is very dark. My mind has been quite down by reason of my barrenness. But Christ has appeared as "chiefest among ten thousand, and altogether lovely." In Christ have I found the light of comfort and joy. Whatever joy and comfort I receive from God, my heart is bound up with thanks; but at the other time I become forgetful; as if I was carrying away by my own sin, as far as where it was not to be remembered what God had done for my soul.

9th.—I have had this morning a solemn visit from two young gentlemen, (unknown before,) who were of the most pious and amiable characters. Their conversations were sweet to my soul. They continued with me in my room during the space of two hours, then we prayed together.—Soon they bid me farewell and went. I then returned into my retirement and offered up thanks to God for such serious and solemn conversation. I prayed with a free and thankful heart. O! what a glorious time it was! I never prayed to God with so full view of God's goodness as I did then. It seemed as if God was teaching my wicked heart how to pray. I felt so easy that I could not help crying, Lord, Lord, increase my

faith. I continued thus for several days, then that dark hour came on; though not very dark, for I had a little spark of light—and that spark of light was given for an answer to such secret prayer as I offered up to God in my heart. O! that I might continually watch in my heart that I might not enter into temptation and snare of the Devil.

10*th.*—To-day I rejoiced greatly to hear many glorious news from almost every quarter and town in the state, that many sinners were brought to bow to Jesus, and many were inquiring for what they should do to be saved.

19*th.*—I attended this evening a very solemn meeting as ever I attended. A sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. H. from these words: "The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit," &c. Many appeared with a thoughtful and serious look. But O! may they not be as those hearers who hear the words, and after all hide them from their hearts, as I do fear there are many.

No doubt but many young people attend frequently such meetings, for the purpose of seeing others: their looks, dress, &c.—by these their minds are drawn away. O! how many thoughtless and careless are there in the world! Sinners,

"You live devoid of peace,
A thousand stings within your breast,
Deprive your souls of ease."

23*d*.—This morning my friend Thomas come to me with a sad countenance, and wished that we might pray together in our own language. I told him that I had no objection—that I would willingly do it.—We then prayed to that Almighty God who was able to help us; and I believe that our prayers were graciously answered. We offered up two prayers in our tongue—the first time that we ever prayed in this manner. And the Lord was with us.

April 1*st*.—This evening my friend Thomas and myself conversed about what we would do first at our return to our own country; and how we should begin to teach our poor brethren about the religion of Jesus Christ, &c. and many other kinds of conversation that we thought of. And we both thought that we must first go to the king; or else we must keep a school to educate the children, and get them to have some knowledge of the Scriptures, and then we must give to them some idea of God. But these thoughts seemed to be blind on some accounts—not knowing how to do better without God's direction. The most thought that come to my mind, was to leave all in the hands of the Almighty God as he seeth fit. The means may easily be done by us, and all other duties which God commands, but to make all others believe in the reality of religion, no one could do it, to open blind

eyes of sinners, but God only. He is able "to bring the blind by a way that they know not, and he will lead them in paths which they have not known."

2*d*.—As I was just rising up this morning and looked out of my bed room's window, I saw the sun rising in the east, (Sabbath) and I wondered that my life should be kept so safely during the night past, and that I was brought to see another day of the Son of man. A soon as I went to bed my eyes were wide open during the whole night. I thought how many unready lives were taken before the morning comes. This made my heart cry. Lord, prepare me, prepare me for death. I spent the greater part of the night in secret prayers in my bed, and found sweet communion with my God. "Commune with your own heart upon your bed and be still." O that the grace of God may be sufficient for me! Lord, fill my hungry soul with spiritual food.

3*d*.—This day I set apart for secret prayer, and the Lord was graciously with me, and has given me some spirit to pray. It seemed as if I could not enjoy myself better in any worldly conversations than I did in prayer. I can say as I trust, that the spirit of God has been with me this day. God appears to be gracious and lovely. Holy thou art, O Lord God of Hosts! O Lord! look down with a pitying eye upon this thy

servant, whom thou hast brought from a heathen land! Be gracious to all the rest of my heathen brethren who are now in this country. Do now, O Lord, hear my call. Let not the Lord remember former sins which were known to thee.

7th.—This afternoon I attended the funeral of an aged person. Many people attended, and many tears were shed upon almost every cheek for the loss of their friend. But O weepers, weep for yourselves, (he was a friend of Christ it is hoped) for he has gone in peace.

I thought with great astonishment how little idea we have of death and eternity. Who can stop the approaching of death? May the Lord teach me to know the number of my days! Oh! that the everlasting arm may raise my soul from deepest hell; and direct my step toward the peaceful shore of blessed eternity!

9th.—To-day is my first year since I made a profession of religion. I set apart this day for prayer, and returned thanks to God for his wonderful grace and kindness towards me as a lost sinner. Though how little have I done towards him! how little have I done for his glory! Shall I live to see the end of another year? Lord, increase my faith.

12th.—To-day the Lord turned me to look into my heart, to see whether there be any holiness in me. But I found nothing but

"wounds and bruises and putrefying sores." I saw my sins were very great, and never were known before. I had seen my own sin before, but the Lord never show me so much as I recollect, to make the soul sink in deep sorrow for sin, as he did this day. But it was my own blindness too. When I considered my former life, and looked into it, nothing but a heavy bundle of sin was upon me. I pray the Lord that he may not remember my past sin. O may not the God of Isaac and Jacob hide from the tears of such dying sinner as I.

I enjoyed myself much this day in fasting, and prayer, and supplication.

—. "I have been thinking this day to know what is the state of man; whether they are pure from all sin:—for last evening I had a dispute with a young man.—He asked me whether I do believe that we sin by words, thoughts and deeds. I answered him Yes. Certainly we do, unless we take heed to our ways—as David speaks for himself in Ps. 39. "O mortal man," says he, "do we then always sin?" Yes, I answered. The Apostle speaks, "If we say we have no sin we deceive ourselves."

O how many ways that a creature can be deceived!

15*th.*—I attended a prayer meeting this afternoon, and a number have been examined to be brought forward to the Church. I

have thought a great deal this day about my unfaithfulness and barrenness since I made a profession of religion :—how my wicked heart has turned away from God in a most evil and unkind manner. But when I consider that I sin against my Maker, I always feel sorry ; and all sins which I commit raise my tears from my eyes : as I have this afternoon been weeping very deeply because of my sins. Many times I am apt to fall into sin ; but if God hears my crying for forgiveness, I shall still live devoted to him. Is there any thing that we can be cleansed by from our sins but the blood of the Lamb of God ? No, in no wise.

21*st.*—O what a solemn meeting to-day at the house of Dea. B. It was a serious and joyful time. It seemed to me that the Lord was with us. I took notice that almost every person in the room appeared very joyful. Many persons kept their heads downwards with tears on their faces. We had then neither sermon nor any discourse delivered, but many prayers were offered up for those who were rolling sin as a sweet morsel under their tongue. A number of pious men tried to speak, but they could not For the fear of the Lord had fell upon them, that they could not finish their discourse, but to weep. O how myself felt then. I saw that it was the Lord's work, who hath power to make sinners feel, and to show

himself that he is God alone. O that the Lord may carry on his work!

May 5.—This day I have attended the sacrament of the Lord's supper. I felt guilty of my unfruitfulness, and had but little faith in him whose blood is drink indeed and whose flesh is meat indeed. I could not help weeping whilst the minister addressed those who were to be admitted into the Church—warning them to be faithful. On account of this warning I could not put a stop to my weeping eye.—For I felt that I had had a stupid and cold heart, wanting of divine grace.

8*th.*—I have been reading this morning the history of pious women, and I was very much pleased to see and to know how Christians feel. Their employment every day was to address their heavenly Father in secret, and to read some portion of the holy Scriptures.

15*th.*—This day I took a walk for exercise at the distance of two or three miles. On my way home I met an aged man, unknown before, who I judge to be about sixty years of age. He was travelling on the same way that I was, and I thought in myself that I would take this opportunity to converse with him upon religious subjects: as it was my duty, (and as I have done with many other unacquainted persons before.) As we were walking, "What bad going is

this!" said he, "I have never known such time as this." With this observation I spoke thus—Ought we not to be thankful to our Maker for such a season as this, as well as we do for the finest weather? "O yes, Sir, I think we ought to," says he, "though I do not feel thankful as I ought." With this saying, I then asked him to know whether he was one that was born again of the Holy Spirit. To which he replied, "O I hope so; though I was one of the sheep that was almost gone, for ever lost, yet I hope that I am found." I asked him whether he ever met with any difficulty or trouble in his mind. He answered, "O yes, great deal; but when I meet with any trouble, I wish to be alone, and pray to God, and ask him for such comfort as I need. Before I was brought into light I thought many times that the religion of Jesus, was hard thing to seek for—but it was nothing else but my own wicked heart. When I came to it in my own heart, I found no holiness at all, but all manner of evils, are lodged in it."

Soon we parted from each other, and we both wished to be remembered in our prayers.

June 1.—This morning I have been walking out for some secret duty. As I walked through the field alone, lo! I heard the sweet songs of many birds, singing among the branches; for it was a beautiful Sab-

bath morning. While I thus hearked, this part of a Psalm came into my soul very sweetly—

"Sweet is the mem'ry of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King,
Let age to age thy righteousness,
In sounds of glory sing," &c.

I thought of Christians as soon as I heard these birds tuning their joyful songs around the tree. Christians as soon as they leave their fleshly songs, with their bodies, in the silent tomb, will be at rest beyond all pain, death, sorrow and trouble; and come around their King of glory, and tune their golden harps to Immanuel's praise. And then say one to another,

"Come let our voices join to raise,
A sacred song of solemn praise," &c.

16*th.*—This evening I attended some serious exercises of prayer with a few young men of pious character. Five pious young men came to our room for this purpose. They appeared to be very much engaged in the cause of the great Redeemer. We spent our time in solemn prayer for two or three hours. I found comfort myself easy in every duty which I was commanded by my God to do.

23*d*.—I was visited this morning by a pious and good Rev. Mr. H. of L. who instructed me in a most affectionate and tender manner; and has given me some of the clearest views of Christian character, such as I needed.

I was intreated by this friend of Christ concerning my future happiness, and was warned to live above this world with humble and tender heart. But O! who can know my own unfruitfulness and vileness, but He who "searcheth the heart and trieth the reins of the children of men." I felt in my own heart that I needed the teaching of all the people of God. Many times I have thought of myself being deceived, because many evil thoughts came into my mind and put me out of the right way; but in my secret prayers I have always found happy rest to my poor and immortal soul, as if I was in the right path. O that the Lord Jesus, who doth "bring the blind by a way that they know not" may be the director of such blind as I.

24*th*.—We have heard to-day much good news from every quarter of the country. A work of grace has been begun in many places, and there are hundreds of hopeful converts, or newly born by the influences of the Holy Spirit. O how great and how wonderful is the arm of the Lord! reaching forth his hand toward sinners, and kindly

taking them in his bosom of love. But are there not many sinners yet in the gall of bitterness and in bonds of iniquity, rejecting the free offer of salvation? Are not many opposers yet set against the truth of the Gospel of Jesus Christ? O when shall these never-dying souls find rest! It is very strange to me that so many careless and stupid sinners never think or have any concern for the worth of their immortal souls. O Lord, I intreat thee to look down with compassion upon such dying sinners as are here in this land of the Gospel light! O save them, O Lord God of Hosts, save them! Glorify the riches of thy free grace in making them the heirs of thy holy kingdom. O glorious Jesus, thou son of the Most High, have mercy on the never-dying souls of men. Thou canst do the helpless sinner good; for all homage, honour, glory, and worship are due to thee; the true promised Messiah and Redeemer of the world. Thou canst work among sinners, and none can hinder thee. O Lord save us or we perish. I am a sinner as well as other; I feel myself an unfruitful creature: and yet I choose the Lord Jesus for my everlasting portion. I have nothing of my own to recommend myself to his holy favour. All the present that I can make unto Jesus is myself. He seeks not mine, but me only.

25*th.*—Last evening I attended a prayer

meeting, and enjoyed great comfort to my soul. I thought how Christians all agree in their feelings toward each other, in lovely manner. I once thought while we were in the room, in such a little circle, and enjoyed ourselves in conversing after the manner of the flesh, how much happiness will be found at the great court of the Almighty, when all the children of God are gathered together, from the east and the west, and are set down in the kingdom of Heaven. What a happy time will it be for Christians!

July 3*d*.—My health being weak, I set out to walk, and at the place to which I came, I found a sick woman lying upon a sick bed. She had been in that case for eight years. When she heard of my being in the house she wished to see me. I conversed with her concerning her case; and though she was weak in her body and mind she could answer whatever question I put to her. I asked her whether she was willing to leave this world of sin, and to be present with her lovely Jesus. She replied "O yes, O yes, I hope I shall reach that peaceful shore where I shall have neither sickness nor pain, as I have now." Before I was about to leave her, she wished me to pray with her, and this was done. She took hold of my hand and begged me to remember her, thus—"O my friend, do not forget me in your prayers, and if I do

not see you again in this life, I shall in better life than this."

17*th*.—I have just returned from a visit to my friends. As I was walking through the woods I came to a house which stood at some distance from the town. As soon as I was come near the house, I found an old gray-headed man, next to the road hoeing corn. I saw he was very aged man, and I thought it was my duty to converse with him. I stood by the fence and asked him how he did. He answered, "Well." I asked him whether he was well within also. But he did not understand what I mean. (This old man was about ninety years of age, and had been living without hope and without God in the world.) Immediately I went to the old man, and spoke to him in a friendly manner, thus—My friend, said I to him, you are a stranger to me, and I unto you; and I see that your head is full of gray hairs, and no doubt your days will soon be over. "I know that," said the aged man, "so every one has got to be as I am." Well, said I, what do you think of the great day of judgment? are you ready for that day? "O, I don't know," said he, "I do sometimes think that I am too far off for that day." Why do you not now begin to make your peace with God, before death overtake you? said I to the old man; repent and believe in the Son of God. But the old

man seemed to be very careless and stupid I talked to him but he kept hoeing his corn; and I followed him to the end of the field, pursuing my discourse. But he seemed to be unwilling to hear me any farther, and I returned thanks to the Almighty God for the opportunity which I had with this poor old man, and bid him farewell.

Sabbath afternoon, August 5th.—To-day I felt more anxious for prayer than I ever did After I returned from meeting, I entered in my retirement, where I always find comfort and joy in my secret prayer and supplications before the great Jehovah. I now wished to see my friend Thomas, who lived a little apart from me, and I set out to meet together in prayer for our own good. I went and found him reading the Bible. I urged him to go up to his room with me and be there a little while; and we took a Bible and went up. We spent some time together in prayer till the sun was down. "O how good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." We both united in prayers, two of each. We cried to God for help in the language of good old David, "Search us, O God, and know our hearts, and try us and know our thoughts, and see if there be any wicked way in us, and lead us in the way everlasting." May the Lord be pleased to lead us both in the right way, and not in the "way which seemeth right

unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death." We cried to God farther, that he would teach us his way, in order to walk in his truth; and to unite our hearts both to fear his holy name.

I told my friend Thomas how I felt that day, and how much I longed to be with him together in prayer for our poor countrymen, as well as for ourselves. We both wished to have our little meeting kept up until we should be separated far from each other. We wished to have no one know it, but to look to God whenever we both come together.

The Diary of Obookiah may not have been discontinued here. A considerable part of what has been transcribed was found upon detached pieces of paper; and other similar pieces may have been mislaid. The whole he had begun to copy, but had not completed it.

The following is a selection of passages of Scripture made by Obookiah while he lived at Canaan, the first letters of which spell his name. It is a specimen of his ingenuity as well as his acquaintance with the Scriptures.

"Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come, buy wine and milk without money and without price."—Isa. lv.

"Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."—John iii.

"Not every one that saith unto me, Lord! Lord! shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven."—Matt. vii.

"Remember that Jesus Christ, of the seed of David, was raised from the dead according to my Gospel."—2 Tim. ii.

"Young men likewise exhort to be soberminded."—Tit. ii.

"O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together."—Psalm xxxiv.

"But speak thou the things that become sound doctrine."—Tit. ii.

"Only let your conversation be such as becometh the Gospel of Christ."—Phil. i.

"O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men."—Psalm cvii.

"Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life."—Prov. iv.

"I must work the works of him that sent me while it is day: the night cometh in which no man can work."—John ix.

"And they went out and preached every where that man should repent."—Mark vi.

"He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."—Matt. xi.

HENRY OBOOKIAH.

This was found among his papers, and the original is in his own hand writing.

The following extracts are from his letters written whilst residing at Canaan.

"CANAAN, Dec. 1815.

"*My Dear Friend,*

"Your letter I have received, dated the tenth of September. It was with great pleasure. I shall take your advice in the all-important things which belong to me to attend to as a professor of religion. I know the eyes of the Lord are upon me day and night, and beholding all my wicked actions and motions in every thing which I do. O that the Lord would be my help? Am I yet in the gall of bitterness and in the bonds of iniquity? I neither do justly, nor love mercy as much as I ought, nor walk humbly with my God.

"The work of grace in the town of S. is still going on very powerfully. By the last account which I have heard, about one hundred and forty are in a hopeful state. They are now rejoicing in the hope of the glory of God. And many others are inquiring the way to Zion, crying, 'Men and brethren, what shall we do?' In this place also, many are in deepest concern about their souls. O where have sinners been so long since they had discovered the name of the Saviour

who was crucified upon the cross, and yet they have not come to him until now? They have known their Master's will, but they have not done it. They are wise to do evil, but to do good they have no knowledge. O wretched sinners will you come to the foot of the cross at this very moment, and ask forgiveness of sins? Hark and hear the voice of him that knocketh at the door of every sinner's heart! 'Behold I stand at the door,' &c. Christ the Saviour is knocking, saying, "Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled, for my head is filled with dew, and my locks with the drops of the night." I cannot help weeping. My tears are running down for joy to hear and see sinners flocking to the Almighty Jehovah. O that all sinners may come to Christ!

"Stop, poor sinners, stop and think,
Before you farther go!
Will you sport upon the brink
Of everlasting wo?"

"O that we may stop and think where we are, and upon what ground we are standing, whether it be holy or whether it be unholy, or whether it be our duty to do the will of God or not. We now live here upon this earth, and how long we shall live we know not. Death will soon overtake us, for we

are not far from it. My dear friend, I intreat you to be much engaged in prayer for thoughtless and stupid sinners, both in this country as well as in other.

"I would thank you to present my humble respects to all your family. I hope I shall see them, though at present unknown to each other, in the eternal world; if I do not in this present world. May God be gracious to you all. Remember me in your sweet sacrifice of prayer before our heavenly Father.

"Your affectionate friend."

The preceding letter was written to Dea. H. of Danby, in the state of New-York; an elderly gentleman who had taken a very deep interest in the welfare of Obookiah, and had written to him a letter of advice soon after he made a profession of religion.

That which follows was addressed to Mr. E. B——, in the state of New-York.

"Canaan, May 1816.

"Having received your most kind and affectionate letter a few days ago, it much satisfied me. Notwithstanding that you are ever so far from me, yet I expect to meet you at the bar of God. O how glad am I to hear from you, Ephraim. I am glad to hear that your mind has been more engaged in regard to the subject of religion, than when

we lived together. If it is so, my friend that you have such thoughts in your mind, I urge you to be careful, for it is an awful thing to be deceived. Set your heart toward Christ, and in him you may find help. Our sins are very great and reach over our heads, and there is nothing which can make them smaller or stop them, but the precious blood of the Lamb of God, who has all power to take away sin from the world. The Lord Jesus expressed himself thus—'I that speak in righteousness mighty to save.'

"You mentioned in your letter that the religion of Jesus Christ is glorious privilege. O my friend, it is so. We can say or think that his religion is a very important thing, if any one should have it, but we are not willing to seek for it. If the Lord has been pleased to operate on your mind by the influences of his Holy Spirit, as you trust he has, I hope the Lord will still continue his work in you through life. But let me intreat you to put your whole trust in God; make him sure as your own friend, and above all, give yourself entirely into the hands of your Saviour; who came to seek and to save that which was lost. When you write to me let me know all about your feelings. I long to see you, my friend, and all your father's family. I remember all your father and mother's kindness while I was

with them; though I am in fear that I do not feel thankful enough to God for it.

"If you should ever come to Connecticut do take some pains to find me where I am, for I long to see you with brotherly love.

"I would desire your solemn prayer before your heavenly Father for

"Your affectionate friend."

To Mr. E. W. of Torringford.

"August 5, 1816.

"*My Dear Friend,*

"I hope you will not think it strange that such an one as I should write to you; for I am full of concern for the souls of others. O that the Lord would direct you in the right path.—May the Lord teach me what I ought to write this day. I have heard that your sickness is still continuing. But O, how is it with you now? Look now, my dear Elijah, and see whether you are prepared or unprepared, or whether you are fit to die or unfit—whether you are the Lord's or not. O my friend, consider how many are there who have been wheeled down to endless torments, in the chariots of earthly pleasures; while others have been whipped to Heaven by the rod of affliction. O how good had it been for some of them if they had never known the way of life by the crucified Saviour. We have great reason to tremble when the Holy Scripture teaches us

that few shall be saved. Much more when it tells us, that of that rank of which we are, but few shall be saved: for it is written, 'Many are called, but few chosen.' I often think of you, my dear friend Elijah, since I heard of your sickness. You perhaps sometimes think about dying—and what must be your end—and how you have misimproved your best opportunities, &c. O what a dreadful thing it is to die in a sinful state! My friend, how do you expect to find joy and peace in Heaven if you should die in your sin? How have you neglected the free offer of salvation, which is offered to you 'without money and without price!' Haste, O my poor friend, and get up out of your sleep of sin and death, and the Lord Jesus Christ will give you life, comfort, health and strength—For there is none but Christ can do a helpless sinner good. Now, therefore, my friend, haste to look to Christ with faith, and ask for mercy and forgiveness of your sin. I feel for you my dear friend, for the worth of your poor and never-dying soul. O don't refuse this lovely and welcome Saviour any longer:—the more you reject him, the more you grow worse; the more you hate him, the greater will be your condemnation. O poor Elijah, choose the meek and lowly Jesus for your everlasting portion Consider the danger in which you now live upon the brink of everlasting wo. Your

sickness, I fear, will take you away from the world into a solemn and silent grave. O Elijah, Elijah W. where are you? Are you willing to leave this world of sin and death and be at rest? Are you willing to die now? In time of sickness we ought to keep our hearts right towards God, in order to be cheerfully willing to die. For 'death is harmless to the people of God.'—'The righteous hath hope in his death, but the wicked is driven away in his wickedness.' Follow not, my dear friend, after the example of mankind, but after Christ's—make no kind of excuse, turn unto God and live. Be not offended because I have taken this opportunity to write to you in such a manner. Let all be taken into serious consideration. It cannot hurt you my earthly friend. And it may keep your heart from shrinking back to consider that death is necessary to fit you for the full enjoyment of God. Whether you are willing to die or not, there certainly is no other way to complete the happiness of your soul. The happiness of the eternal world of heaven commences immediately after death. Now can you, my dear Elijah, say, 'I will arise and go to my Father, and say, Father I have sinned,' &c. O why are you so unwilling to accept the free offer of mercy? And why will you still shut Christ out of the door of your heart; when he still is knocking, and saying, 'Open to me my

sister, my love,' &c. O poor friend of mine I do not speak of your being poor in body, but your soul is poor: wanting of the bread of life. This is why I need to speak of your being poor :—for without the love of God in the heart of a man, that man is poor.

"If you are a friend of Christ, be not afraid of death and eternity; for death cannot hurt you, nor your soul. Why then are you afraid that your sickness is unto death? If you were to die in sin—if death were to reign over you 'as a tyrant—to feed upon you as a lion doth upon his prey'—if death were to you to be the prison of hell, then you might reasonably startle and shrink back from it, with horror and dismay. But if your sin has been blotted out of the Book of God's remembrance; or if the Saviour hath begun his good work in you, why should you be afraid of being taken away from the world? and why not bid welcome to the King of terrors? My dear Elijah, our lives are short, and they, like the smoke of the fire, are hastening away.

'Well, if our days must fly,
We'll keep their end in sight,' &c.

"Remember, my dear Elijah, that I am not the teacher of the heart, nor the judge of it. The Lord Jesus is your teacher—He can make you feel. He can make the blind

to see—and the lame to walk—and the sick to be healed—and above all, He can make you and I happy or miserable in eternity. All what I have said to you, my friend, will be remembered in the day of God's wrath. You and I shall both render our account to that God who hath made us, at the day of judgment, for what deeds we have done in the body. Whether we have done every thing right in the sight of Jehovah, or whether we have not. May the Lord God of Hosts bless you. May Jesus make you faithful unto death, and that you may have at last the crown of life in the eternal world of glory.

"You, O parents of Elijah, you have the means of doing good to your own souls—to improve your time in the service of God. Where then shall you be after the returning of your bodies to the dust—when your bodies shall become food for the worms of the earth?

"Brothers and sisters of the sick man—Your days will soon be over; and the road upon which you are all riding towards eternity soon will be ended. Remember, O my friends, that the eyes of the Lord are upon you all, beholding the evil and the good. Your souls are worth a thousand and million times more than such a world as this. Be careful lest they be lost in the snares and temptations of Satan: for they are

many and ready to carry away your souls into darkness and despair. O that the Lord would smile upon you in pity and compassion, and save you from eternal death. Look up now, my friends, to Christ—which is your life."

The following letter was written to Mr. W. C. now a member of Yale College.

"CANAAN, Sept. 7, 1816.

"*My Dear Friend,*

"Our interview yesterday was but short, and our short conversation with each other was sweet to my soul. You requested me to write to you, for which I am now taking my pen to begin our correspondence: not because I am destitute of companions here, but for our everlasting good. There is one of the best friends who is above all earthly friends; even Christ Jesus the Lord. But we are all by nature the greatest and strongest enemies to him. 'All have sinned and come short of the glory of God.' We are naturally opposers to God, and to the holiness of his nature, and unable to accept of his mercy which is offered to us 'without money and without price.'

"I have reason to bless Jesus Christ that he hath wonderfully turned my feet from the path that leadeth down to an endless wo. There is nothing more that I can do

for him, for his great and wonderful work in the soul of such an one as I, than to be thankful for all which I now enjoy. But this is not all—'Give me thine heart, and let thine eyes observe my ways,'—I hope that the God of all grace has been gracious to you, as he has to me. O that we both may rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory here and hereafter. The religion of Jesus which we now have embraced (as we hope we are passed from death unto life) is a strong helper of the soul, to help us on the peaceful shore.

"I wish I could express my weak feelings to you, but alas! I cannot. It is a difficult thing to tell you that I love my Maker more than I do any thing else. Truly I do not love him enough. I have faith in him but a little—but I am sure I wish to love him more and serve him better than I now do. O what a stupid wretch and hard-hearted sinner am I! Why should I have been spared so long, while many of my fellow mortals are gone over the other side of the gloomy graves; and I am yet on this side of eternity. O where are those now who have gone before me? Remember, my dear friend, that we will soon return to the dust, and leave this world of perplexity and trouble, and all the useless pleasures in it, and be for ever miserable, or happy in the presence of the King of glory. O how hap-

py it will be for Christian souls to meet together and uniting their hearts in love at that time.

When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?'

'It is no matter however long or short the lives of Christians are, if their best moments are well improved, in order to meet their lovely Jesus in peace whenever they are called for. Let us live, my dear friend, as a stranger, and pilgrims on earth—let us feel lively in the faith of the Son of God—let us both seek for a better country than this—let us be faithful and humble believers of Jesus. I think I can truly say to my Lord, Lord my body and soul are in thine hands, do with them according to thy holy will. Thy will be done and not mine. The happiness of this world is nothing but a dream. It will soon pass away as the wind that bloweth. We must give up all for Heaven, lest we perish at the presence of the Judge. The best present that we ought to make to Christ, is to give our whole hearts to him—and not 'gold and frankincense and myrrh' as wise men of the East did.

"Do remember, my friend, those that are

around you whose sins are unpardoned. Do pray for them. Remember my poor countrymen, who know not the way of life by a Redeemer. Do not forget to pray for your affectionate friend,

"HENRY OBOOKIAH."

Towards the close of the year 1816, Henry went to Amherst in Massachusetts, for the purpose of accompanying the Rev. Mr. Perkins, an agent of the Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, in a tour through that section of the country, to solicit donations for the benefit of the Foreign Mission School. The success of the solicitations was greatly promoted by the presence of Obookiah. Contributions were highly liberal, and often drawn from sources not before accustomed to yield any aid to purposes of charity.

The interest which he had excited towards himself personally is expressed in a letter from Mr. Perkins, written soon after his death. "He was much beloved," he says, "by all who knew him in this region. He had awakened a lively interest in his welfare among them; and his death has cast a gloom over them which will not soon be dispelled. His recall to the world of spirits is one of those deep things of Providence which we cannot fathom."

A letter since received from the same re-

spected source, contains several facts and observations which illustrate his character, and evince the peculiar acceptableness and influence of his visit in that quarter.

"I have rarely, if ever, (says Mr. Perkins,) seen a person who seemed to set so high a value on time as Obookiah. What others would call leisure hours, would be busy hours with him. When alone, he was delighted in his literary studies. When in company, improvement was his object—and if the conversation was not immediately interesting to him, he would take his Pocket Testament and read, or repair to his study and his books.

"At a little circle of friends one evening, he said to me in a whisper, 'Time is precious, here are a few souls going to eternity, 'tis a good opportunity to improve.' Just as we were about to retire at the close of the evening, he addressed two youth in the room for a few minutes, on the subject of religion, with great apparent effect.—Whether the alarm of conscience, which he was instrumental of exciting, proved lasting or not, I have never known. So valuable was time in his estimation, that if he had passed a day or an hour unprofitably, he would speak of it with deep regret.

"His humility deserves our notice.—One fact will illustrate this feature in his religious character.

"In visiting different towns, it was my practice to gratify the people, by calling on Obookiah to address them on the subject of Christianity. He was always appropriate, solemn, and interesting. Many flattering remarks were frequently made to him on that account. But though this was calculated to foster pride, and inspire him with unbecoming confidence, yet it actually produced the opposite—humility and self-distrust. A circumstance took place which justifies this observation.

"At a village of considerable magnitude, after the Missionary service had been performed, the Rev. Pastor of the Church appointed an evening meeting. Just before the meeting, it was observed to Obookiah, that some remarks would be expected from him. He modestly declined. The subject was urged. He said, 'I'm a poor heathen, I don't know enough to teach people who live in Christian land.' Being under my care, he applied to me to excuse him from the service. I replied to him, that I believed it to be his duty. The people had contributed generously. They were anxious to hear him speak on the subject of religion. You have always succeeded well. And what you shall say may prove a savour of life to some soul. Soon after, as we were passing to the meeting-house, observing his extreme reluctance, I asked the Rev. Mr.

B. to urge and encourage him. Many things were said to persuade him, but his reluctance appeared to be invincible. As we arrived at the door, he again fled to me for refuge. Said he, 'Do excuse me—I can't say any thing—You can preach—it will do more good.' I told him I could not, as the people would be greatly disappointed. But when I said this, such had been his anxiety and such his manner of expressing his feelings, that tears instantly started in my eyes and gladly would I have preached for his relief. When the proper time came, he was called upon to address the meeting. He deliberately rose, and addressed the people with his usual propriety and seriousness. At the close of the service, I passed by his pew, and invited him to walk with me. He was bathed in tears. I did not hesitate about the cause.—I tried much to sooth his feelings, but it was to no purpose. Mr. B. perceiving them, made an attempt to pacify him, but was unsuccessful. His soul seemed to refuse comfort. This was on our way to our lodgings. When we arrived at the house, I mentioned his feelings to the kind family where we were to lodge Every expedient was tried to restore him to his wonted cheerfulness. But all our efforts were unavailing. After about an hour, one of the family took a seat near him, with a view to divert his mind. This attempt was

successful,—and the first sentence he uttered, was, 'I'm a poor unworthy sinner—I feel as though I was lost.' His customary cheerfulness soon returned, and many in the little circle, who sat a long time sorrowing, had their sorrow turned into joy.

"The Bible was his best and constan companion. He always carried in his pocket a Testament, which was presented to him by a friend, who is now a Missionary to the heathen. At a certain time he went about ten miles to visit one of his countrymen.—In changing his clothes, he left his Pocket Testament. On his return, he pleasantly said to me, 'Blind man don't walk very safely without his staff.'

"Obookiah's visit to this part of the country was of essential service to the cause of Foreign Missions. It has silenced the weak but common objection against attempting to enlighten the Heathen, that they are too ignorant to be taught. This sentiment has prevented much exertion. It had a wicked origin. We have first enslaved our fellow beings, then degraded them by every menial service, deprived them of the means of mental improvement, and almost of human intercourse; and because, under these circumstances, people of colour are devoid of knowledge, we have hastened to the irrational conclusion, that all the Heathen are a race of idiots. Adopting this conclusion

multitudes are utterly opposed to making any attempt to turn them from darkness to light. Influenced by this opinion, groundless as it is, no reasonings, or arguments, or motives, which can be offered, are of any avail. But the appearance of Obookiah has done much in this region to wipe off this disgrace thrown upon the Heathen, and to remove the objection so often made. The proof he gave of talents, as well as of piety, carried conviction to many that the Heathen had souls as well as we, and were as capable of being enlightened and christianized. Acknowledgments to this effect have frequently been made to me; and now in the circle of *his* travels, there is no occasion to combat this objection.

"Another effect produced by his visit to this region is, that it has roused the slumbering energies of those who have hitherto done nothing in the missionary cause. Many have become interested for the benighted Heathen, and satisfied that the conversion of them to Christianity is practicable. And though they have never before lifted a finger, or contributed a mite, have now been prevailed on to do something. In several instances, dollars were handed me by persons who confessed that they had never done any thing before. This is an effect produced, which is not of a transient nature, but permanent. A feeling in the cause of mis-

sions has been excited, which will not soon subside.

" His visit moreover has enkindled a spirit of prayer and benevolence in the bosoms of God's children, which was very much needed. Coldness and a circumscribed charity were too apparent. Especially were these visible with respect to the Heathen. But now there is evidently an increase of fervency and holy wrestlings in the addresses of Christians to the throne of grace. They intercede for the unevangelized nations as though it was their heart's desire that they might be saved. Their benevolent efforts are more numerous, and more liberal. They not only exert *themselves* in this glorious cause, but they use their influence to induce *others* to come and do likewise. They refer them to Obookiah as an instance of the propriety and practicability of missionary exertion. While this instance encourages their own efforts, it greatly emboldens them in urging upon others the necessity and expediency of constant exertion in the cause of the Heathen.

" Such have been the effects of Obookiah's tour in this region. And since such are the effects, and such was his character, it is not surprising that his death is so much lamented. Many flattering hopes were excited in the breasts of his friends here, but a righteous Providence has seen fit to blast

them—But we have a foundation for our hopes that cannot be shaken. On this we may rest the heathen cause, and feel secure, while human means and promising agents are swept away."

The following letter was written by Obookiah whilst at Amherst, to his companions at South Farms, (Litchfield.)

"AMHERST, Jan. 1, 1817.

"*My Dear Brethren,*

"I long to see you all. You may perhaps be glad to hear from me, and to know how I am. I hope you are doing well, both in your studies, and your religious exercises of the morning and the evening, which is the duty of prayer.

"I have seen one of our own countrymen at Enfield, about nine miles from this place. He has been in that place for ten years, and two years at Boston. Thus, he continued in this country just twelve years. He did come from Owhyhee, and also his native place was Koihi, (well known such place.) From that place Capt. John took him on board the ship, and brought him over here, when he was not but fourteen years of age. His native name was Nablemah-hownah. Since I saw him I could converse with him but little, for he has lost the greatest part of our language. But he could recollect the names of many things, as far as he was able

to describe them to me. While I was with him he could not keep his eyes away from me for wonder and gladness, to see such a one who came from his own country. I staid with him two days at Enfield not long since. I spended the whole of my time with him while I was there. The first that I did, I took him by my side, to converse with him upon serious subjects. By his own words, I judged him to be as one who was willing to accept of the free offer of mercy, though I fear he may in a time of temptation fall away, and all that which is sown in the heart. O my dear brethren and friends, he needed your prayers. Pray for him, that he may be brought to see the goodness of the Lord, and that he may be faithful to his own soul. Do not delay your prayers to the Almighty God for such a one, that is very dear to you. He now feels as though he was one of the greatest sinners that ever lived. Do you not all feel anxious for the soul of your own countryman, here now in this country? O that he may devote himself to the service of his Creator! I observed many times while I prayed with him, he would deeply cry with such a dismal gloomy, as if the wrath of the Almighty was upon him. I have heard last Sabbath noon, by a man who was well known to him, that this young man becomes more thoughtful ever since I come away. If this be the case, I

would humbly beg at the mercy seat for your prayers, that they may not be hindered. I shall see him again before a long time. He longs to see you.*

"May God be with you all."

Henry returned from Amherst in April to South Farms. Here he remained with his countrymen, until the first of May; when the school was removed to Cornwall, the place of its permanent location.

He now had his mind bent upon becoming prepared, as soon as practicable, to preach the Gospel. He paid particular attention to preaching, and made many remarks upon the subjects of sermons, and the manner of preaching them.

Some observations upon a common defect in preaching are well recollected. He complained of the practice of those ministers, who used such language in their sermons as was unintelligible to most of their hearers. Ministers, he said, preached to persons of every description; almost all were ignorant, *very few* had learning, and if they preach to *all* the people, they ought to preach so that all can understand. They ought to

* This youth is now a member of the Foreign Mission School, and exhibits hopeful evidence of piety. The impressions made by the conversation of Obookiah were never lost.

use plain language. If not, he said, "as well might preach in unknown tongue." *Every word*, he thought, should be plain, for "people," said he, "can't carry *dictionary to meeting*."

As Obookiah, at the time of his entrance into the school at Cornwall, had arrived at an age of considerable maturity, it may be proper that a more particular description should now be given of his person and character.

He was considerably above the ordinary size: but little less than six feet in height, and in his limbs and body proportionably large. His form, which at sixteen was awkward and unshapen, had become erect, graceful, and dignified. His countenance had lost every mark of dulness; and was, in an unusual degree, sprightly, and intelligent. His features were strongly marked. They were expressive of a sound and penetrating mind. He had a piercing eye, a prominent Roman nose, and a projecting chin.

His complexion was olive, varied equally from the blackness of the African, and the redness of the Indian. His hair was black, worn short, and dressed after the manner of the Americans.

In his *disposition* he was amiable and affectionate. His temper was mild. Passion was not easily excited, nor long retained Revenge, or resentment, it is presumed,

was never known to be cherished in his heart.

He loved his friends, and was grateful for the favours which he received from them. In his journal and letters are found frequent expressions of affection and gratitude to those who had been his benefactors. To families in which he had lived, or to individuals who had been his particular patrons, he felt an ardent attachment. One of the latter, who had been separated from him for a considerable time, he met with great delight; and after the first customary salutations, said to him, "I want to see you great while: you don't know how you seem to me: you seem like *father, mother, brother, all.*"

In his understanding, Obookiah excelled ordinary young men. His mind was not of a common cast. It was such, that, with proper culture, it might have become a mind of the first order. Its distinguishing traits were sound common sense, keen discernment, and an inquisitiveness or enterprise which disposed him to look as far as his mind could reach into every subject that was presented to his attention.

By his good sense he was accustomed to view subjects of every kind in their proper light; to see things as they are. He seldom misconceived or misjudged. By his companions his counsel was sought, and regarded as decisive. He had that clear sense of

propriety with regard to his own conduct and the conduct of others, which always commands the respect or excites the fear of those who behold it. Had he been disposed to cultivate a talent for this purpose, he would have become one of the severest of critics upon the manners and conduct of those around him.

Few persons have a deeper insight into the characters of men, or have the power of forming a more just estimate of them, by their words and actions, than he had. Few are more capable of perceiving the exact import of *language*, or are less liable to be deceived as to its real meaning, by a designed ambiguity of terms.

His inquisitiveness existed in relation to all subjects of interest, and disposed him to make himself acquainted with every thing that was known by others, and to discover whatever was within his reach. The trait was exhibited, especially, in his character as a scholar.

His inquisitive mind was not satisfied with pursuing the usual round of study, but he was disposed to understand critically every branch of knowledge to which he attended. For this reason, his progress in his studies was not rapid—but as a scholar he was industrious, ingenious and thorough. His mind was also inventive. After having ac-

quired some slight knowledge of the English language in its grammatical construction, he entered upon the project of reducing to system his own native language. As it was not a written language, but lay in its chaotic state, every thing was to be done. With some assistance he had made considerable progress towards completing a grammar, a dictionary, and a spelling-book.

He had also translated into his native language the whole of the book of Genesis.

These specimens of his industry and ingenuity, *when seen*, administer severe reproof to the sloth and dulness of most persons of much greater age, and of advantages far superior to his own.*

When Obookiah became a member of the Foreign Mission School, he had attended to all the common branches of English education. In reading, writing, and spelling, he was perhaps as perfect as most young men

* In accomplishing this labour, Obookiah received the assistance of the Rev. Mr. F. now Professor of Divinity in Yale College. He had some assistance also from others. The manuscripts, however, are all his own hand writing: and considered merely as proofs of application, are greatly to the credit of the industry and enterprise of one so young, and uninstructed. They could have cost him no less than the constant labour of many months.

These manuscripts, though now imperfect, will afford much aid to future translators and Missionaries.

of our country, of the same age and with common opportunities. He wrote a legible, manly hand, and acquired the habit of writing with considerable rapidity. He had at this time studied the English Grammar so far as to be able to parse most sentences with readiness. He understood the important rules in common Arithmetic, and had obtained considerable knowledge of Geography. He had studied also one book of Euclid's Elements of Geometry, and of his own accord, without a regular instructer, he had acquired such knowledge of the Hebrew, that he had been able to read several chapters in the Hebrew Bible, and had translated a few passages into his native language. He had a peculiar relish for the Hebrew language, and from its resemblance to his own, acquired it with great facility.*

The winter before he came to the school he commenced the study of Latin. This, he pursued principally after he became a member of the Institution.

In his *manners*, Obookiah was habitually grave and reserved. In the presence of his friends, however, his conversation was often sprightly, and rendered particularly enter-

* In consequence of this resemblance in the structure of the two languages, Obookiah found it much less difficult to translate the Hebrew, than the English, into his native tongue.

taining, by a fondness for humour, for which he was distinguished. This he oftener exhibited by a quick perception and relish for it in others, than by actually displaying it in himself. Yet he sometimes gave evidence in his own remarks, of possessing no small degree of genuine wit. When conversing with his companions in their native language, he frequently afforded them much amusement by the pleasant and humorous cast of his conversation.

The customary deportment of Obookiah, however, was serious, and dignity strikingly characterized his manners. Few young men, it is presumed, command so much respect from persons of every age and character. Notwithstanding the familiarity which he used with his companions, he maintained an influence over them, becoming the relation of an elder brother, or even that of a respected parent. In his intercourse with *them* the dignity of his character was peculiarly visible. A motion of his head often made known to them his will, and obtained the compliance which he desired.

His manners had become in a considerable degree refined. A gentleman of respectability who visited Cornwall, and had a particular interview with him, observed, that he had met with but few persons of any country, more gentlemanly in their manners,

or intelligent and interesting in their conversation.

Obookiah was a decided and consistent *Christian*. His conduct was habitually under the influence of principles of piety. He manifested a strong interest in the general prosperity of religion, and expressed in his conversation, as well as his letters and diary, ardent desires for the salvation of his fellowmen; and especially of his *countrymen*, for whom he fervently prayed, and in whose behalf he often requested the earnest prayers of his friends.

In his writings, satisfactory evidence is furnished of his own personal experience of the power of divine grace. In these may be seen, his convictions concerning the character of his unrenewed heart; his views of the *grace* and *glory* of the Saviour; his entire reliance upon the merits of Christ for justification, and the employments and duties in which he found his only happiness through the whole course of his Christian life.

Besides this evidence, and that which was furnished by his exemplary conduct, the following facts will afford additional proof of his ardent piety.

While a member of the Institution at Cornwall, he was in the habit of attending a weekly meeting with his companions on Saturday evening; in which, in addition to the

usual exercises of a religious meeting, he questioned them individually concerning the state of their minds, and addressed to them such observations as the particular situation of each seemed to demand. Others in a few instances have been present, and have been greatly surprised both at the ability which he possessed of eliciting the feelings of his companions, and at the pertinency and wisdom of his remarks.

He once observed to a friend, whilst in health, "I have *many times* so much enjoyment in the night I cannot sleep."

At another time, "*When I have done wrong, I am always sorry—I am so sorry!*"

He excelled and delighted in prayer. In a letter from the Rev. Mr. Perkins, who often witnessed his performance of this duty in public assemblies, and had also a favourable opportunity of becoming acquainted with his secret devotions, it is observed, "Prayer seemed to be his daily and nightly business: in this duty he not only appeared to take great delight, but he was pertinent, copious, and fervent. It was almost impossible to hear him pray and not be drawn into a devotional frame. I have repeatedly witnessed great numbers in a meeting melted into weeping, and in one instance the greater part of the assembly, and several sobbing, while he stood before the throne of

God, filling his mouth with arguments and pleading for Christian and Heathen nations.

"He remarked to me one morning as we were journeying, that the night previous he had spent chiefly in prayer for a youth who happened to reside in the family where we had been kindly entertained."

He was once requested by a clergyman to attend a religious meeting with him, and make such observations as he thought proper to the people. Previously to the hour appointed for the meeting, he proposed to the minister that they should retire, and spend a short time in supplicating the blessing of God upon the duties they were about to perform.

Obookiah considered it as his duty, and made it his habitual practice, to converse, as he had opportunity, with persons whom he supposed to be destitute of grace, and urge upon them the necessity of immediate repentance. In several instances his conversation has made impressions which have terminated in an apparent conversion of the soul to God.

After Henry's return from Massachusetts he maintained a correspondence with several persons of respectability, residing in the different parts of the country which he had visited. A very few only of his letters have been obtained; and parts of these are of so local and private a nature as to prevent

their being inserted with propriety in this volume.

Extracts from two of them will follow.—The first was addressed to S. W. Esq. of Greenfield.

"CORNWALL, June 16, 1817.

"*My Dear Sir,*

"Again I take my pen to embrace this opportunity in writing. Indeed, on this very day I received a most affectionate letter; and when I come to unseal it, lo! it was from my dear beloved friend, Mr. S. W.! How, or what an answer can I give for it? My dear friend, I received your letter with a thankful heart. I rejoice to hear that you have still a lively thought concerning the great things of eternity. O that our thoughts and hearts may be united together in the fear of God, and in love of the Lord Jesus—whom you spoke well of. Indeed, my dearest friend, we are in a great debt, both to God and to his Son Jesus Christ. We have owed them ten thousands of talents! and alas! how would we repay for all? Notwithstanding the greatness of our due to God for all his goodness and kindness towards us, yet we can repay it, by giving up ourselves to him: for he does not wish for ours, but us: for thus it is written, 'My son give me thine heart, and let thine eyes observe my ways. Your observations which

you observed in this your letter, are just as the thoughts of a true and humble believer in God—and as one that fears God. Surely it is as you say, that the supreme love and affection must we give to him, who is the Lord over all and blessed for ever. Pray that these thoughts may not be mislaid in our hearts.

"Since I received your letter, my companions had the curiosity for knowing the person from whom the letter was sent. I told them from one of my friends at the place where I was kindly treated by them. They were very much pleased with the letter—supposed that you was a friend of Christ, and a true believer in God, by what you spoke well, both of Christ and his character. To whom I answered that I had a strong love for you, and hope that you may be a fellow-traveller through the journey of this wilderness world. O that we both may meet in the presence of God in the eternal world above, where sin will never enter there. Let us not neglect the duty which we owe to God to love him with our hearts, souls and strength—and let us *pray without ceasing*.

"With this I must leave you, my dear friend, in the hand of God. Look to him to receive instruction and to know his holy character."

The following letter was written to A. S Esq. of Amherst, dated

"CORNWALL, Aug. 15, 1817.

"*My Dear Friend,*

"Your letter of late gave me a great satisfaction. And since I have received it, I do now think that I was in a fault for not giving you an answer for it sooner; but be so kind as excuse me. You know not what joy and pleasure I had since I received your letter. O what happy news! It gives me a suitable joy to hear that the Lord has visited Amherst once more, with the influences of his Holy Spirit, and that he has already plucked as brands from the burning, some of those who once had been destitute of the Grace of God, and yet are now bowing down to the sceptre of King Jesus. O that the professed followers of the meek and lowly Jesus, be more and more lively in this most glorious work of our blessed Redeemer. Let every Christian be more and more deep sensible that the glory of every good work here below must come from God; as we read that he is *the giver of every good gift, and every perfect gift is from above.* We cannot expect to see a single soul coming out of the kingdom of Satan, into the kingdom of Christ, unless we see one or more faithful and humble Christians, running forward in spirit without any least of doubt, nor fail from doing whatever duty God required of them. O let us all intreat of the Lord that he would show unto us of his holy character a per

fection, that we may be able to love and to serve him more and far better than we now do. Let us have a more realizing sense of our ingratitude and unfruitfulness in the eyes of the all-seeing God; let us be faithful in our duty, and may the great grace of God be sufficient for us all.

"I have not heard any news since I came away from Amherst. The only information that I can give is the present situation of this Institution, under which we are placed. Our school is going on very regularly, and the scholars are making some progress in their studies. One of our members is become a born in Christ, since he has been here, and I trust there is no small degree of happiness. He is now rejoicing in the hope of the glory of God. O that the Lord would be pleased to bless this school. I humbly beg of your prayers for this school, that each member of it may become a member of the household of God. Please to remember me to Mr. and Mrs. P. and family. Tell Mr. P. that I shall write to him as soon as I can, but I dare not make any promise to set a time when. Yours,

"H. OBOOKIAH."

About the commencement of the year 1818, Obookiah became seriously indisposed, and was obliged wholly to abandon his studies. A physician was called, and speedy

attention paid to his complaints. It was soon found that his disease was the typhus fever; and a thorough course of medicine was commenced, which after one or two weeks appeared to check the progress of the disorder, and confident expectations were entertained of his recovery. Hope continued to be cherished until it became evident that his strength was wasting, and that his constitution, naturally strong, was giving way to the violence of the disease, which had taken fast hold of him, and had not been essentially removed. Notwithstanding the unremitted care and the skill of his attending physician, and the counsel of others called to consult with him, the kindest and most judicious attentions of the family into which he had fallen, and the universal solicitude of his surrounding friends, he continued to decline until the night of the 17th of February; when his happy spirit was released, and his joyful anticipations realized, that *he should soon reach his heavenly Father's house.*

In this last lingering sickness, the christian character of Obookiah was advantageously exhibited. His patience, cheerfulness, resignation to the will of God, gratitude for the kindness of his friends, and benevolence, were particular subjects of notice and conversation to those who attended him during this interesting period. His phy-

sician said of him that "he was the first patient whom he had ever attended through a long course of fever, that had not in some instances manifested a greater or less degree of peevishness and impatience."

Mrs. S. in whose family he was confined, and who devoted her attention exclusively to the care of him, observed, that "this had been one of the happiest and most profitable periods of her life—that she had been more than rewarded for her cares and watchings by day and night, in being permitted to witness his excellent example, and to hear his godly conversation."

By this friend a part of his observations and answers, particularly within a few of the last days of his sickness, were committed to writing; and are as follows:

To one of his countrymen, as he entered the room in the morning, after he had passed a night of suffering, he said, "I almost died last night. It is a good thing to be sick, S——, we must all die—and 'tis no matter where we are." Being asked by another "Are you afraid to die?" he answered, "*No, I am not.*" A friend said to him, "I am sorry to find you so very sick"—he replied, "*Let God do as he pleases.*"

Mrs. S. frequently inquired of him if he would hear a few verses in the Bible. "*O yes!*" was his answer, "*'tis good;*" and after

hearing, he would turn his eyes to Heaven, apparently in prayer. After a season of great distress, he broke out in an audible voice, and said, "If we put our trust in God, we need not fear." Frequently, when free from pain, he inquired for some one to pray with him; but often before he could be gratified his pains returned, and he forgot his request. The person whom he most frequently called upon to pray with him was his friend Thomas. They often prayed together, alone:—as they had done for years. In the language of his female friend, "Their souls appeared to knit together like those of David and Jonathan. Henry always appeared composed and apparently very happy, after a season of prayer with Thomas. In a season of fainting I left the room for a moment, to get some water, returned and found them weeping in great distress, supposing the time of separation had now come." Upon his inquiring for the Doctor, to whom he appeared greatly attached, Mrs. S. said to him, "Henry, do you depend upon your physician?" "Oh! you don't know," said he, "how much I depend upon the great Physician of the soul." He inquired, "Does the Doctor say I shall get well?" It was answered, "He thinks it is uncertain:" to which he said, "God will do what is right —God will take care of me." He observed to Mrs. S., "It is a fine pleasant morning.'

he said to him, "You are glad to see the light of the morning, after a dark distressing night." He replied, "*Oh! some light in the night—some light of God.*"

After a season of distress for two hours, he appeared perfectly happy—he looked out of the window, his eyes appeared fixed on some delightful object. I inquired of him, "Of what are you thinking, Henry?"—"*Oh! I can't tell you all,*" said he, "*Of Jesus Christ.*"

After sleeping for some time, he prayed very fervently, in these words, "O Lord, have mercy on my soul—Thou knowest all my secret sins—Save me for the sake of Jesus Christ, our Lord and Saviour—Amen."

He said to one of his countrymen, who had been a faithful nurse to him, "I must eat or I can't live"—and then inquired of him with anxiety, "Have you eat breakfast, W——? How thankful you ought to be that you have strength, and can eat." Soon he raised his hands and said, "*Oh! how I want to see Owhyhee! But I think I never shall—God will do right—he knows what is best*"—and burst into a flood of tears. "W——, if you live to go home, remember me to my uncle."

To dear H. he said, "I am thinking most of the time, how good God is—how kind to me." His companions were mentioned. He said, "They are all very good; they have

done a great deal for me. But they must be good for themselves too."

He appeared very affectionate to all, especially his countrymen. He insisted on some one of them being with him continually; would call very earnestly for them if they were out of his sight; and would be satisfied only with this, that they were gone to eat or to rest. To one of them he said, "W——, I thank you for all you have done for me; you have done a great deal; but you will not have to wait on me much more, I shall not live." To another, "My dear friend S——, you have been very kind to me; I think of you often; I thank you; but I must die, G——, and so must you. Think of God, G——, never fail." To another, "You must stay; perhaps I finish off this forenoon. How much God has done for me and for you!"

The day before he died, "after a distressing night, and a bewildered state of mind, he appeared to have his reason perfectly, and requested that his countrymen might be called." After they came in he inquired several times for one of them who was absent, and for whom he had no hope; and said, "I have not seen him much—I shan't see him—I want to talk to him."—When the rest had seated themselves around his bed, he addressed them most feelingly in his native language, as long as his strength

would permit. As much of the address as could be recollected, was afterwards written in English by one of his countrymen, and was essentially as follows:—

"My dear countrymen, I wish to say something to you all—you have been very kind to me—I feel my obligation to you—I thank you. And now, my dear friends, I must beseech you to remember that you have got to follow me. Above all things, make your peace with God—you must make Christ your friend—you are in a strange land—you have no father—no mother to take care of you when you are sick—but God will be your friend if you put your trust in him—He has raised up friends here, for you and for me—I have strong faith in God—I am willing to die when the voice of my Saviour call me hence—I am willing, if God design to take me. But I cannot leave you without calling upon the mercy of God to sanctify your souls and fit you for Heaven. When we meet there we shall part no more. Remember, my friends, that you are poor—it is by the mercy of God that you have comfortable clothes, and that you are so kindly supported. You must love God—I want to have you make your peace with God. Can't you see how good God is to you? God has done great deal for you and for me. Remember that you have got to love God, or else you perish for ever. God has given his

Son to die for you—I want to have you love God very much. I want to talk with you by and by—my strength fails—I can't now—I want to say more"——

This is probably but a part of what was spoken, and that imperfectly translated.—The address, under the circumstances in which it was made, was affecting beyond description. The weakness of Obookiah, which was such that it was with difficulty that he could utter an audible sound; the *peculiarly affectionate* and *earnest* tones of his voice, the voice occasionally faltering in death; his companions sitting around him, with broken hearts—some of them almost unable to support their grief—the address being continued until his strength was entirely exhausted, rendered the scene literally overwhelming—Loud sobbing was heard throughout the room; and from persons little accustomed even to weep.

After Henry had ceased to speak, one of his countrymen at his request, communicated in English, to those of his companions who were not able to understand the *Owhyhee* language, such things as Henry had previously committed to him for that purpose.

An hour or two after this, when Obookiah had obtained a little rest, his countryman, who had been absent during the address, coming in, he said to him, "Sit down, G——, I have been talking with the other

boys—They have been very kind to me—I can't pay them—but the Lord Jesus has enough and to spare—not money nor wine, he will reward them. You, G——, as well as I, are a poor boy; you have no father nor mother here. God has given us good friends, and you must love him and serve him, G——; and when we be departed here, we may praise God for ever. We must all die. Doctor C. cannot save us when we are sick unto death. You and I are sinners. May the Lord Jesus have mercy on our poor souls—I must rest."

To a son of the Rev. Mr. S. who came to his bed-side, and after looking at him, was about to withdraw, he said, "Wait—wait—I wish to speak to you. P——, you have got to be a great boy—you have been to school a great deal. Remember you will be examined at the Day of Judgment, for your improvement." To a friend, he said, "My faith holds out." To another, "How soon shall I be taken away?" It was answered, "pretty soon." He was asked, "If you could have your choice, would you choose to live or to die?" He replied, "I do not know; I wish to live to do good; if it were not for this, I do not wish to live another moment." And added, with much apparent grief, "*I've lost my time—I've lost my time.*" To another friend, he said, "*I have no desire to live, if I can enjoy the presence of God*

and go where Christ is." Looking down at his feet, which bore evident marks of approaching death, he cried out, "*Oh! Mortality!*" His physician requested him to take some medicine which was disagreeable to him; he said, "Wait, wait, Sir, till to-morrow;" but soon consented, and said, "Perhaps there will be no to-morrow." The evening before his death, the Rev. Mr. Mills, whom he always called "Father," came in to see him. He looked at him very wishfully, and said, "Will you pray, Sir, before we part?" He listened to the prayer with fixed attention, and when it was closed, said, as he had done in every instance before, "*I thank you, Sir*"—and this with a sweetness of voice, and an expression of countenance, which none can conceive but those who witnessed.

As death seemed to approach, Mrs. S. said to him, "Henry, do you think you are dying?" He answered, "Yes, ma'am"—and then said, "Mrs. S. *I thank you for your kindness.*" She said, "I wish we might meet hereafter." He replied, "I hope we shall"—and taking her hand, affectionately bid her *farewell.* Another friend taking his hand, told him that he "must die soon." He heard it without emotion, and with a heavenly smile bade him his last adieu.

He shook hands with all his companions present, and with perfect composure ad-

dressed to them the parting salutation of his native language, "*Alloah o'e.*"—*My love be with you.*

But a few minutes before he breathed his last, his physician said to him, "How do you feel now, Henry?" He answered, "*Very well—I am not sick—I have no pain—I feel well.*" The expression of his countenance was that of perfect peace. He now seemed a little revived, and lay in a composed and quiet state for several minutes. Most of those who were present, not apprehending an immediate change, had seated themselves by the fire. No alarm was given, until one of his countrymen who was standing by his bed-side, exclaimed, "*Obookiah's gone.*" All sprang to the bed. The spirit had departed —but a smile, such as none present had ever beheld—an expression of the final triumph of his soul, remained upon his countenance.

EXTRACT FROM A SERMON

Preached at the Funeral of Obookiah, Feb. 18, 1818, by Lyman Beecher, D. D. then Pastor of a Church in Litchfield, Conn. from Psalm xcvii. v. 1 & 2.

The Lord reigneth let the earth rejoice, let the multitude of the isles be glad thereof. Clouds and darkness are round about him: righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne.

The death of Henry Obookiah, is one of those ways of God, about which are clouds and darkness.

We did not expect it, and we should not have ordered events thus, to glorify God, and extend his cause.

We thought surely this is he who shall comfort Owhyhee. We saw so plainly the hand of God, in bringing him hither; in his instruction, his conversion, talents, and missionary zeal, that like Samuel, when he saw the eldest son of Jesse, we were prepared undoubtedly to say, "This is the Lord's anointed." But all our hopes of his agency, in the Owhyhee Mission, are dashed. His work is done: those feet will not traverse the shores of Owhyhee, that tongue will not publish salvation to those, for whom it ut-

tered so many supplications. We behold the end of his race, and bury with his dust in the grave all our high raised hopes of his future activity in the cause of Christ.

And to some it may seem, as if God were frowning upon this Institution,* and were warning us, after so much needless expense, and labour lost in the education of this youth, to cease from our vain expectations of sending the Gospel to Owhyhee, and give up our labour of love.

But we do not thus interpret the voice of his Providence which speaks to us this day, but rather hear him saying to us, more audibly than ever, "Go forward."

It must be confessed that we have had fears, unbelieving fears, doubtless in part, and such in part as resulted necessarily from the novelty of the undertaking; and had we suitably regarded the analogy of Providence we might have had fears from our uninterrupted and uncommon prosperity, whether our work was the Lord's, and would be owned by him, and blessed. But from this darkness we hear the voice of our God saying unto us, "Be not afraid, for I am with you —be not afraid, it is I." And we are not afraid. Instead of his frown, we behold in this his Providence, cheering evidence, that

* The Foreign Mission School, then established at Cornwall, Connecticut.

this institution is taken under his protection as his own, and that he will by trials so discipline us, and the members of this school, for future usefulness, that himself shall not be robbed, nor we be destroyed, by the salvation of Owhyhee.

Nor do we feel as if our labour had been lost, did our work terminate this day. If any are disposed to think so, let them behold the dying scene of Henry Obookiah; witness his heavenly smile; trace his bright path to glory; behold his immaculate spirit before the throne of God—his astonishment at the Providence which brought him from Owhyhee, to fit him for heaven, and his rapture at the glory revealed in him. Behold his humility, while he veils his face, and casts his crown at the feet of Jesus; his rapture while he cries amid the myriads of glory, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain." Let them calculate the amount of moral evil prevented by his sanctification, and of natural evil, by his exemption from the plagues of sin and the wrath of God.—Let them think of his growing knowledge and expanding mind; his increasing holiness, and his joy, destined to increase for ever, and then decide, whether they would recall the prayers, and the substance given to him, if by doing so it would recall his spirit from Heaven, renew in his heart the reign of sin, and send him back to weep unheeded, where he once wept

"because no one would give him learning," and at last to go back to the darkness of Owhyhee, and die unsatisfied among the heathen.

Who would dare to stop the song which he sings, to extinguish the rapture which he feels, to eclipse by his removal from Heaven the glory of God, which his redemption illustrates, or rob angels of their joy at his conversion, and their augmented joy at his arrival in glory.

Who does not rejoice rather, that God has inclined and enabled him to bear a part in so glorious an achievement, as is now comsummated by his redemption?

If the churches of New-England, knowing the purpose of God concerning Obookiah, had chartered a ship and sent it to Owhyhee, on purpose to bring him to Christ, and fit him for heaven; it would have been a cheap purchase of blessedness to man, and glory to God: and were there no expedients now to rescue his poor countrymen, for whom he prayed, the end would justify the constant employment of such means, to bring the sons and daughters of Owhyhee, to glory. But besides his redemption, God by his Providence towards him, has illustrated his government of the moral world, and added new evidence to the truth of the declaration, "All that the Father hath given unto me shall come."

He is in the deep darkness of Owhyhee, and how shall he believe on him of whom he has not heard, or how shall he hear without a preacher, or be blessed with the privileges, when the time has not come to send that Gospel to that isle of the sea.

Behold the wonder-working hand of God! He is in the proscribed family of his father, all of whom are cut off. He flies with his brother on his back, whom the fatal arrow pierced, leaving Obookiah untouched—He is dedicated by his surviving uncle to the priesthood—But his tender spirit, grieved at the loss of his parents, could not bear the associations of Owhyhee. Other children had parents to return to, after playing, but this "poor boy" could not forget that he had none, and left his native land voluntarily, and eagerly, that he might cease from the constant, painful, rememembrance of joys departed never to return.

He came to this land, and heard of Him on whom without hearing, he could not believe, and by the mouth of those, who could never have spoken to him in Owhyhee.

He heard, and God who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, caused the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ, to illumine his heart.

Nor does the salvation of Obookiah fill up the measure of good, by which the Most High is pleased to reward our labour for him. By means of his conversion, numbers of his brethren, wandering like lost sheep in our land, have been brought also to the knowledge of his truth, and by the remote instrumentality of the same event, this Institution, the hope of Owhyhee, and other heathen lands, has been established. Nor are we compelled to believe, that this usefulness will terminate with his life, or that the immediate consequences of his death, will be calamitous. His death will give notoriety to this institution—will awaken a tender sympathy for Owhyhee, and give it an interest in the prayers and charities of thousands who otherwise had not heard of this establishment, or been interested in its prosperity.

Let there be no despondency, then, indulged by the members of this agency, or the board under whose patronage we act, or by the churches of our Lord, who favour this institution. These clouds, and this darkness, announce the presence, but not the displeasure, of our God.

Had no disappointments intervened, our work had lacked the immemorial testimony of the Divine approbation. Instead of being appalled by the darkness, we are cheered by

it; instead of fainting under the stroke, we are animated by it, to double confidence in God, and double diligence in this work, forasmuch as we know, that our labour is not vain in the Lord.

THE END.